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# ROTARIAN

*The Magazine of Service*

 *he* ADVANCEMENT  
OF UNDERSTAND-  
ING, GOOD WILL *and*  
INTERNATIONAL PEACE  
♦♦ THROUGH A WORLD.  
FELLOWSHIP OF BUSI-  
NESS *and* PROFESSIONAL  
MEN ♦♦ UNITED IN THE  
♦♦♦ ROTARY IDEAL ♦♦♦  
♦ OF SERVICE ♦

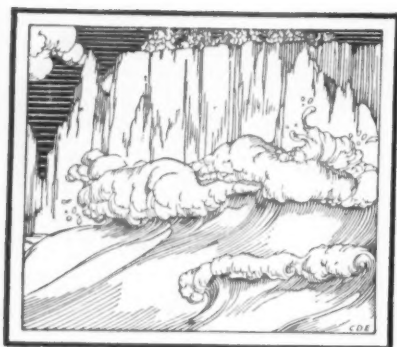
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February  
1925

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of the products bought and sold day by day on the long distance telephone. Ten thousand long distance calls an hour stimulate and quicken business.

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Eloquence offers inspiration and suggestion for the preparation of a speech on almost any subject. But it is a work you may go to at any time for information, for entertainment and for inspiration. You can find something for every mood and for every occasion—history, politics, business and fun. They are all here in great profusion.

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This is not a set of books which you must read in the sense of studying hours at a time. Continuity of reading is not required. While the speeches are all complete—no excerpts—you can read any one in thirty minutes or less. And in that time you will acquire more helpful information and ideas than you can obtain in several hours' reading of almost any other literature. In Modern Eloquence you get the crystallized thought of great minds so stated as to be instantly understood.

Here you will find After-Dinner Speeches that abound in wit, wisdom and eloquence—speeches filled with anecdote and repartee, but which point to a moral or establish a principle in very few words—Addresses of eminent men before bar associations, medical societies, fraternal organizations and other important occasions—Masterpieces thru which you can trace the course of modern history from the American Revolution to the present time including the Great World War;—more than five hundred of the best anecdotes told by the best story tellers;—men like Irvin Cobb, George Ade, Chauncey Depew are here represented by their best stories; and an index that makes every subject instantly available.

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## Just Among Ourselves—

SOMEWHERE in his *Autobiography* Mark Twain has recorded that his little daughter looked over the world a bit and asked, "But what's it all for?" It is a question that is being asked constantly—and no definite answer expected. But when an anniversary reminds us of the time spent in living, or the part of life devoted to some special object, we may well pause to ask ourselves, "What's it for?"

And so on this, the twentieth anniversary of an organization now reaching all parts of the world, the members of Rotary may well consider what their organization is for—what it has done in these years. We can point to nearly nineteen hundred clubs in existence; we can call the roll of twenty-eight nations in which there are Rotary clubs; we can cite innumerable instances of individual and community benefits more or less directly attributable to this organization. But all this and much more would not suffice to explain the real reason for the progress of Rotary; it would not prove, for example, that it is doing anything which other organizations are not doing as well or better.

So the test that must be applied at all times, the thing of which Rotarians are particularly reminded on each anniversary of the founding of their organization, is the discovery of added proof that this organization is supplying a fundamental human need. Does it bring to humanity something which is not equally well furnished by another organization? Does it add anything to the sum of human happiness? In other words, "What's it all for?"

The question as it applies directly to the individual has been stated in such terse terms by Alexander Caven, governor of the Twenty-ninth District, that little more can be added. Said Governor Caven:

"Just as soon as an organization has existed sufficiently long to have a history, then a great peril faces the individual in that organization. It is the peril of being satisfied with 'belonging'—the peril of being content with reading the history of his organization and then saying, 'I'm a member of that,' and doing nothing about it to make its history glorious in his town. To such a man should be said what a great teacher said to his students on graduation day last year: 'For eight years you have been studying American history. The time has now come for you to go out and make American history.' And this is what should be said today to every Rotarian. . . . Keep up your study of Rotary and your pride in Rotary, but now add to that the duty of going out to help make Rotary."

\* \* \*

In this Anniversary Number we are happy to present the opinions of men and women who are interpreting Rotary in various ways; to chronicle a few things done and a host of things to do; to look at Rotary for a moment in all its varied aspects as reflected in a score and more countries throughout the civilized world. It should be a spur to further endeavor as well as a record of past growth and achievement.

\* \* \*

"Let's Talk Business" was the subject of a recent message from Rotarian Paul M. Smith, secretary of the Rotary Club of Charleston, West Virginia, to the members of his club. Said Paul:

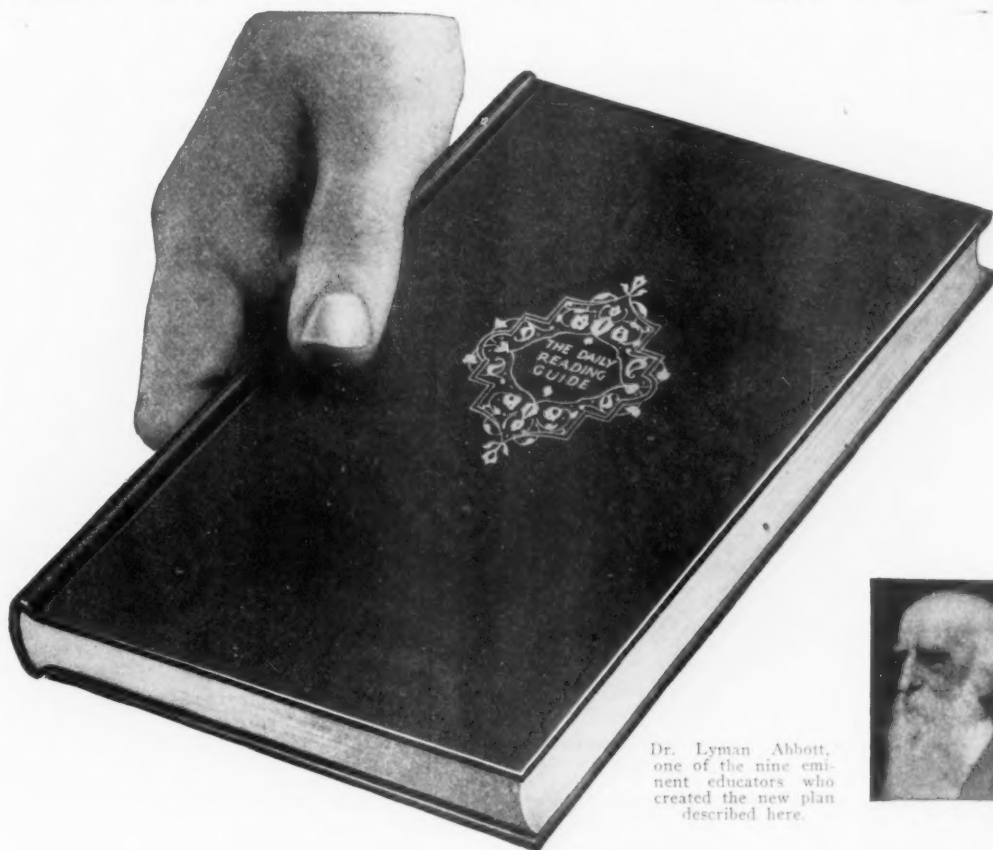
"Now-a-days alert business men read one or more so-called Trade Journals. The shoe man, the plumber, the banker, and the salesman;—all have some high-class weekly or monthly journal come to their desk devoted exclusively to the problems and gossip of their special trade. A man usually reads what interests him. Conversely, if he isn't interested, he doesn't read it. Folks some times read the Bible because of their interest in the religious and the spiritual. Folks some times read the sports page of their newspaper because of an obvious interest in local and national sports. Now we've come to the point of this little essay. Is it, or isn't it, true that a real live interested Rotarian, who honestly desires to grow in Rotary—grow *inside*, we mean; who wants to become a broader gauged and bigger thinking Rotarian from an International standpoint, as well as an across-the-table standpoint; isn't he likely to read carefully THE ROTARIAN, pick out articles which interest him, measure his thought with the writer's, pos-

(Continued on page 4)



Thousands say of this book:

*"This is just what I have always wanted!"*



Dr. Lyman Abbott,  
one of the nine emi-  
nent educators who  
created the new plan  
described here.

## Simply Mail the Coupon

A FEW years ago a young business man penetrated the inner sanctum of a famous New York newspaper editor and said: "You know so much about life, tell me what is the matter with me. I can't read worth-while literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying daily to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop," exclaimed the editor, "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is what is the matter with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

Everybody knows that in the reading of the masterpieces is the surest, quickest way to broad culture. It is more broadening than travel, for it reaches more countries than anyone could visit in the longest lifetime.

But where to begin is the question. There is such a multitude of famous writings. We have only enough time to read the most important ones.

### The Tremendous Problem

Even if we do make a start at reading, the next question is how can we keep it up. How can we avoid monoton-

ony? How can we get the daily variety in reading that makes the minutes speed by like seconds? This has stopped thousands of would-be readers. They have started to read; they have fallen by the way.

It is the question that baffled educators, brilliant men of letters, University presidents, editors of magazines and newspapers.

And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, nine of the most famous men of letters did strike upon a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worth-while things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

The nine eminent men were Dr. Lyman Abbott, John Macy, Richard Le Gallienne, Asa Don Dickinson, Dr. Bliss Perry, Thomas L. Masson, Dr. Henry van Dyke, George Iles and Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie.

### Thousands Acclaim It

The inspiration that came to these men was a Daily Reading Guide—an outline which would schedule for each day's reading, an entertaining variety of prose and poetry, of fictional writing and historical description, of the world's finest selections of flashing humor, of penetrating pathos, of masterly eloquence.

This variety is so arranged that the selections fall upon anniversary dates in each reader's calendar. Thus on July 14 much of the reading is about the Fall of the Bastille. Everyday is full of such timely interest.

The Daily Reading Guide requires only twenty minutes of reading a day. It is for busy men and women. One year's reading brings you broad culture.

Already this Daily Reading Guide in book form has solved the reading problem of thousands. They praise it for the pleasure and the profit derived from it. It is found in the library of the millionaire and on the table of the student—man or woman.

### Accept it NOW

In the interest of good reading it has been decided to distribute a limited edition of the Daily Reading Guide without cost except for the small sum of 25 cents to help defray the expenses of handling and mailing. (Enclose 25c with the coupon.) The Daily Reading Guide, bound in rich blue cloth with gold decorations and containing nearly 200 pages with introductory articles and essays by the famous editors will be sent to you entirely free of all other costs or any obligation, present or future. Accept it in the interests of your pleasure.

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## EUROPEAN TOUR

"Of ROTARIANS—For ROTARIANS—With ROTARIANS"

Joe Porter and Bob Monroe announce a European tour for Rotarians during the late Spring of 1925. Their purposes are as follows:

1. To enable Rotarians to secure the best arrangements for a European tour with congenial company and under the best management.
2. To foster intra-American Rotary relations by grouping traveling Rotarians of North America together.
3. To take as many North American Rotarians as possible to the conference of the British Isles Clubs.
4. To make it possible for these American Rotarians to attend the meetings of a dozen or more Rotary clubs in England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and France.
5. To procure for these Rotarians the opportunity of meeting representative men of the countries through which they travel, a privilege very rarely enjoyed by American travelers.
6. To help in the development of the broad International vision among Rotarians.

The spirit of Rotary can do much to cement together the peoples of the world in a common bond of fellowship and peace.

Let's go and take the family!  
Write today for particulars to

**JOE PORTER or BOB MONROE**  
Box 321, Lexington, Kentucky

*Bob is an experienced conductor of European tours, while Joe is a past Governor of the Kentucky-Tennessee Rotary District. They are both members of the Lexington Rotary Club.*



## Rotarians—Why

not a playground or two for the children—Save lives, over 93,000 children killed and injured on the streets of our cities within a year. Many Rotary Clubs have already outfitted playgrounds with Fun-Ful Playground Apparatus. Information gladly sent on request.

*Awarded Gold Medal Brazilian Centennial  
Exposition 1922-1923*

**HILL-STANDARD CO.**

Anderson, Ind., U. S. A.

sibly disagree, but read it? International Rotary is spending considerable money on THE ROTARIAN. They want to make it a real magazine of Business and Service. Are they doing it for you?"

Of the questions that concern the administration of your magazine, we can think of none more important. Whether Rotary's magazine faithfully reflects Rotary, whether it is constructive, whether it stimulates thinking; are questions the yes or no to which determine success or failure. Is it a "Magazine of Service" to you?

### Who's Who—Among Our Contributors

**Paul P. Harris**, President Emeritus, gives you the record of his motor trip in Indiana. He lives in Morgan Park, a beautiful suburb of Chicago, and is most happy when he and Mrs. Harris are entertaining Rotarians—and they come from all over the world.

The leading editorial by **Everett W. Hill**, International President, is an exposition of five main points of Rotary—each approached from its application both to the individual member and his club.

**Guy Gundaker**, Immediate Past President, recently underwent a serious operation at the Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia. We are happy to report that when this was written he was on the road to recovery. In this number you have an interesting discussion by **Rotarian Gundaker** on the "Ideal Qualifications of a District Governor."

**L. E. Robinson**, who is known to our readers through his book reviews, is professor of English at Monmouth College, Illinois. He is an authority on the life of Lincoln and the historical events of his period, and is the author of two or three books on various phases of the President's life. Monmouth College gave **Rotarian Robinson** a leave of absence recently, for research work in the Congressional Library at Washington. During his search for material for another book, **Rotarian Robinson** wrote this article on "Lincoln—the Story Teller" for readers of THE ROTARIAN.

**Henry Tresidder Sheppard** whose story, "The End of Labor," appears in this number, is an Englishman whose novels attracted considerable attention in 1905 and 1906. He has published four books since then and has another one coming along, this in spite of a severe illness suffered in 1907 and which has remained with him until of recent months.

The "Pre-Ordained Clam" is one of those men who decided to open the shell a bit no matter how hard the task! In his article on "As a Man Thinketh" he tells you the result, and incidentally gives some interesting views on the contribution of Rotary to character development. He has held various important posts in his club and in Rotary International.

**George H. Miller** came to Cleveland some thirty years ago and has since been prominent in civic activities of various sorts. Amongst other things **George** is the mainstem of a proprietary-medicine concern, a bank director, president of the Rotary Club, and a leader in his trade association. In "Cleveland—and Dreams" he tells you what his city has in store for you next June during the convention.

**Aubrey Drury** who writes on "Modern Trade—Antiquated Tools" is director of the All-American Standards Council, of San Francisco, Cal. He was formerly associate editor of the *Journal of Electricity* and executive secretary, Foreign Trade Club of San Francisco. He was the organizer of the World Metric Standardization Conference, held in San Francisco in 1920.

**J. B. Gilbert** is a Rotarian of Dayton, Ohio, whose activities show considerable versatility. He is a past president of the Rotary Club of Dayton and when he is not writing Rotary plays and Rotary poetry, he is busy selling coal.

**Charles St. John** in "World Rotary Reviewed," presents you with another of those general surveys which he has contributed to anniversary numbers of this magazine. He has written occasional short stories for this magazine as well as contributing frequently to other magazines.

**George L. McCulloch**, author of the article on "Wheels," is the assistant superintendent of public schools in Jackson, Michigan, and a member of the Rotary club in that city.

**Frank Stewart**, who contributes "Modern Business Progress," is a member of the new Rotary Club of DeRidder, Louisiana, and manager of the Long-Bell Lumber Company.

**Douglas Malloch**, "the poet who makes living a joy," contributes another of those frontispiece poems which we have been featuring during recent months.



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Officers and Directors of Rotary International: *President*, EVERETT W. HILL, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; *First Vice-President*, DONALD A. ADAMS, New Haven, Connecticut; *Second Vice-President*, JOHN BAIN TAYLOR, London, England; *Third Vice-President*, TOM J. DAVIS, Butte, Montana. *Directors*: JOHN R. BENTLEY, Cleveland, Ohio; GUY GUNDAKER, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; PAUL H. KING, Detroit, Michigan; ALEX. R. MCFARLANE, Vancouver, British Columbia; JOHN E. NORMAN, Huntington, West Virginia; J. ANTON E. VERKADE, Amsterdam, Holland. *Secretary*, CHESLEY R. PERRY, Chicago, Illinois; *Treasurer*, RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago, Illinois.

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## The Things of the Spirit

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

*Illustration by Franklin Booth*

**THANK GOD** for the things  
Of the spirit!

(There, a meadowlark sings!

Do you hear it?)—

For the sigh of the heart,

The contagion of laughter,

For the longing apart,

For the joy that comes after,

For the things that we feel

When we clasp, when we kneel—

Thank God for the sharing,

The caring,

The giving,

For the things of life's living.

Thank God for the riches

Of flow'rs in the ditches,

For the roof from the weather,

The fireside together,

For a step at the portal,

For the love we have treasured,

For something unmeasured,

For something immortal,

For our grief, for our mirth,

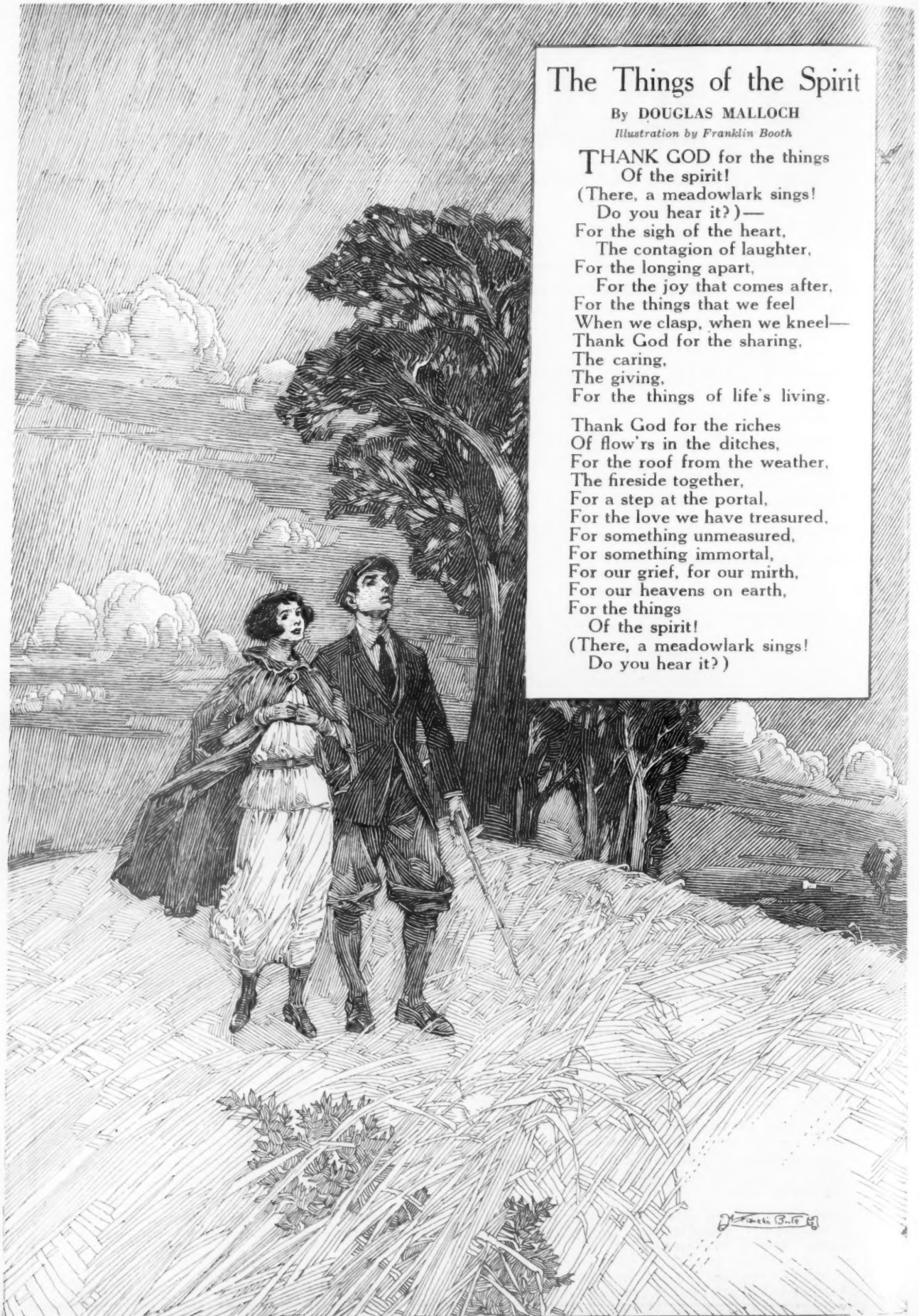
For our heavens on earth,

For the things

Of the spirit!

(There, a meadowlark sings!

Do you hear it?)





## Five Rotary Points

By Everett W. Hill

President of Rotary International

### *The Development of the Individual.*

AS one of the primary objects of Rotary—at a first and casual glance this may seem to have a sort of vague and indefinite meaning. Now, you are in the lumber business, we will say; or perhaps a doctor or a lawyer, of any business or profession; and I am in the ice business. We all have, perhaps, at some time or another, been called hard-headed business men. In our intense interest to make money, to build up our business or profession, and in the marketing of our products or service, we have been called more harsh names than that. Perhaps we have been criticized and not always unjustly. In our dealings with our customers, in our relations with employees, competitors, and all with whom we come in contact, have we always treated the other fellow as we would like to have him treat us? I'll venture to say we have not! And that's what I want to point out. We know we always *should* be ethical, but it is so easy to forget. *Rotary won't let us forget.*

### *The Community Service of Rotary.*

The greatest service Rotary performs in a community is in making men conscious of their community responsibilities and eager to use the machinery existing in the community to bring about its betterment. A Rotarian should function 100 per cent as a member of his Chamber of Commerce, as a member of his school board, his church, his political organization, his lodges, his clubs. Serving thus he will be a better father and husband a more considerate employer, and will realize that his business has no reason to exist except for the service it gives to the community. In other words, a Rotary club serves a community by acting as a stimulator of its members to activity in that direction for which nature, training, and preference has best fitted them.

### *In a National and International Sense.*

Not only have we an obligation to the communities in which we live, but also to our State and nation, to whose stability we owe our opportunity to continue our work; and to the world, to all parts of which our efforts reach and from all parts of which other men's efforts reach us. The

International character of Rotary is enthralling when we stop to consider that men in twenty-eight nations have accepted the same principle of service and are putting it into practice each in their own nationalistic manner. And it is certainly true that such a common understanding cannot help but tend to bring about a better understanding among nations. It may be a large assumption to suppose that the social condition and material wealth of modern civilization can be enhanced by any impulse sent out by Rotary; yet, Rotary does give direct and special stimulus to individual achievement in those factors which break down barriers of caste and religion.

### *Rotary Not Concerned With a Man's Religion.*

Nor for that matter is Rotary concerned with his religious or political affiliations. The fact that Rotary, its principles and ideals, is applicable to all men regardless of religious or political belief is the reason why it can be accepted by all men. Christian, Jew, Buddhist, Confucianist, can gather around a table at a Rotary club meeting and absorb and learn of Rotary without giving a thought to the fact that they hold different religious beliefs. This is only possible because Rotary is founded upon a principle to which they can all subscribe. Rather remarkable when you think it over, isn't it?

### *The Fellowship Gained in a Rotary Club.*

A Rotary club brings into intimate contact representatives of various fields of endeavor, and by reason of this contact protects them from the narrowness of vision into which the extreme specialization of the age tends to lead. Man is naturally inclined to build for himself and Rotary seeks to prevent isolation by building a stronger ideal of friendship and altruism.

Some one said, "Christianity has not failed—it has never been tried." In Rotary we are trying to prove for all religions and all nations that humanity has a better self—only the better has too often been eclipsed by the strivings for material gain. Each instance of individual friendliness and honesty occurring in the day's work increases by that much the chance for international amities lasting through the centuries.





THE Finance Committee (above), which carefully scrutinizes all expenditures of Rotary International, holds its meetings just prior to the sessions of the International Board. Through this procedure the Board always has at hand the latest information on the finances of the organization. This picture was taken while the Finance Committee was in session at International Headquarters, Chicago, January 2nd and 3rd. Left to right are: Alex R. McFarlane, Vancouver, British Columbia; Donald A. Adams (chairman), New Haven, Connecticut; John R. Bentley, Cleveland, Ohio, and Rufus F.

Chapin (International Treasurer), of Chicago. John Bain Taylor, of London, second vice-president, is also a member of this committee but was unable to attend. The membership of the committee is drawn from the personnel of the International Board.

The Board of Directors of Rotary International met in Chicago, January 5th to 7th, giving consideration to a long agenda. Both the Extension and Finance Committees as well as the Chairmen of Boys' Work, Business Methods, and Classifications Committees presented reports for Board consideration and action.

## Two Rotary Committees

THE Extension Committee considers requests for information relative to the organization of new Rotary clubs, makes investigations and surveys necessary to the organization of new clubs, and generally plans and develops the extension of Rotary throughout the world. This picture was taken in the directors' room at International Headquarters, Chicago, during the recent meeting of the committee. Perhaps one member, James Carmichael, will be surprised to see himself in a picture that was taken several thousand miles away from where he actually was at the time. But modern photography can either put a man in a picture—or lift him out of it bodily, and set him down somewhere else.

Left to right, are: I. B. Sutton, Tampico, Mexico, Governor of the Third District; Tom Barber, London, England; Raymond J. Knoepfel, New York, N. Y.; Will R. Manier, Jr., Nashville, Tennessee (chairman); James W. Davidson, Calgary, Alberta; Austin O. Olmsted, Green Bay, Wisconsin, and James Carmichael, Leicester, England. The first two are not members of the Extension Committee but were sitting in to furnish both information and inspiration.



# "As a Man Thinketh"

By A PREORDAINED CLAM

The Lord predestines every man to be saved.  
The Devil predestines every man to be damned.  
Man himself, has the casting vote.  
—An Aphorism Credited to a Negro Preacher.

SOMETIMES I think the service feature of Rotary is over-emphasized. No man is wholly an altruist—no man is totally absorbed in serving. If there be such an one, he is abnormal and unbalanced.

We cannot go against natural or divine laws. God, or nature, or both, breathed into all of us the instinct for self-preservation. We have been given the irresistible urge to mate—to perpetuate ourselves and to protect and care for our wives and our children. To do so we must think and plan and fight for ourselves and for them. Therefore, no normal man is a complete altruist—no matter how strong his passion for service. He looks and must look for means and ends which will serve his natural desires and needs.

And so, while I purpose, under another division of this article to stress the service feature of Rotary, I want now to give equal stress to the ways in which Rotary may properly and consistently be used for our personal profit.

By profit I do not mean money or material gain. I mean the building up within ourselves of the qualities which make us strong, resourceful, confident, and attractive. Material gain, as I see it, is but a natural consequence of these attributes.

Rotary, constitutionally speaking, long ago passed the point of being an organization for the interchange of business between members. But in my natural capacity of an observer, I see many Rotarians scheming and planning to make of Rotary membership a direct means of increasing the contents of their cash registers. In doing so they betray lack of vision. They lose one of the greatest rewards that Rotary offers—the opportunity for developing and expanding a personality—a brain and a heart which, ultimately like a magnet, would draw to them, without seeking, the things they want.

Yet these men, in spite of their narrow and mistaken viewpoint of the opportunities of Rotary, at least have some virtue in their aims, which

another class, whom I shall mention in a moment, do not possess. They are, at least, active, because of the motives which actuate them, and they contribute something to Rotary, even if a selfish purpose lies back of it.

The second class, to which I now come, are what we might call the reserved of Rotary. And they, again, must be divided into two groups.

The first group is composed of men who, by temperament and family tradition, are retiring and backward, for no other reason than that they wish to be. They do not mix and they do not want to mix. They enjoy Rotary, but in turn do not give back to Rotary anything to enjoy. In their presence we feel stiff and uneasy. We cannot get close, because we are held off by this wall of reserve.

The second group are the same in their outward demeanor, but inwardly are wishing that they were as other men—that they could open up freely and mingle, and pass the hearty word. This is proven by the fact that while these men are wall flowers, tightly budded, they break into full blossom and bloom amazingly when some one takes the trouble to draw them out.

I am not going to confess to you to which of these two groups I belonged twenty years ago, but I want to say that I was an older man at twenty than I am at forty, barring an addition of avoirdupois and a slight extension just below my chest, which are a source of great worry to my daughter, and now assuming proportions which make me

think seriously of the gymnasium and golf.

In a measure, I have come out of myself through a determination that I would; but Rotary has helped me most of all. I was asked to speak before my club. I acquiesced, not because public speaking was meat and drink to me; for, on the contrary, it was a decided effort. I agreed simply because I had determined that I would not let pass a single opportunity that would in any way add to my experience and efficiency, or whereby I might be able to give out a word of helpfulness.

And so, the point I have been so long in making is this: Rotary is the greatest opportunity on earth for a man to come out of himself with the least effort, and with the greatest amount of ease and encouragement; for where can a man expand and grow in a more fertile soil than a Rotary meeting?

YOU men who are reserved and backward—you are missing a great deal when you do not unbend—get on your feet—talk—advance ideas—take the initiative in smiles and handshakes.

And you men, who for this year, have the responsibility for the development of the membership of your club through the educational committee, will do well to make a part of your program the forcing, if necessary, of these backward men into good fellows and aggressive workers. There are men in every Rotary Club, who envy the ease and freedom with which other men move about with greetings, smiles, bits of repartee, etc. It will be easy for you, too, if you will begin to practice it.

The profit to be gained from all this is, that which I have already intimated: a stronger and more attractive personality, a greater freedom of manner, and a keener business brain. And with these you will naturally gather to yourself, without conscious effort, and in increasing abundance, the material things.

I mentioned a while ago that the totally altruistic man, if such exists, is abnormal and unbalanced. That truth, I believe, can be applied with equal consistency to the man in whom there is no spirit of service. Fortunately, there are

## Between Two Extremes

BOTH altruism and selfishness can be carried to extremes, the writer of "As a Man Thinketh" believes. No man is likely to—or ought to—carry his unselfishness to a point where he sacrifices himself and his family for an abstraction, and ends by being a liability rather than an asset to the community. Nor on the other hand, are most men so flinty-hearted that nothing short of dynamite can induce them to give something to those less fortunate. Most of us, this writer believes, are somewhere between these extremes.

The desirable thing, of course, is to have the majority of men lean a bit in the direction of the charitable impulse. To get mankind into that frame of mind, implies a better mutual understanding among men, an understanding which can be fostered by digging men out of their shells and letting their good qualities come to light. It is in this way, our contributor says, that Rotary makes possible that international appreciation which is the forerunner of world peace.

The writer thinks that there are two classes of reserved men, those whose reserve is ingrown, the result of temperament and environment; and those whose reserve is merely a mask which they are as anxious to lose as are others to remove it. He believes that Rotary can do a great deal for both classes.

few like him in Rotary, else Rotary had never reached, in so few years, its position of power and influence.

Life is a spoiler of ideals. The glory of Rotary is that it revives and often rehabilitates them. In our college days, under the stimulus of untainted youth and the influence of a wise professor, we dreamed dreams and built air castles of how we should use our education and skill in the interests of humanity. Doctors, lawyers, engineers, preachers, architects, school teachers, business men—in whatever line of life's activities we had chosen to work, we were going to serve and make the world better.

We listened to the chapel speakers with their optimistic talk about "the leaders of the world," and if any old grad cynically advised us to bury our sheepskin as soon as we received it we paid no heed to the grain of truth hidden under his mordant wit. The world was our oyster—and we had the sauces all prepared. It was not till later we found that the oyster sometimes nips the cook.

And alas! how many of us let down. How many of us, under economic pressure and contact with a very real world—how many of us slipped. Our aims became lowered a bit here, and cynicism crept in there. In many cases the fight for vital principles themselves was almost lost.

But this is not a pleasant picture, though, perhaps, in a sense, a remedial one. Let us hasten on to the revival—to the rehabilitation. We became members of the Rotary Club. At first we were merely pleased and honored. We accepted the solemn pronouncements of the aims and purposes of Rotary, perhaps a bit hazily and wondered what it was all about. It must be a good thing because we had heard so much about it.

After a few weeks, feelings that had long lain dormant, began to stir. We thought back to those almost forgotten youthful aims. The stagnant blood of shelf-soiled ideals began to circulate. Something akin to boyish enthusiasm also began to swell and rumble. Our re-conversion from our back-slidden state was complete. Today we see with the youthful eye—the youthful vision. Today we see that human na-

ture, with all its weaknesses and despicable qualities, is really, after all, wonderfully good, considering what it has to combat in this turbulent age.

We are more tolerant of each other; we see more good qualities; we are less cynical; we are quicker to see good and slower to see, or impugn evil.

And with it all, we have an increased and broadened idea of real service. Instead of wanting to reform the world, we accept conditions as they are and fight, practically, to make them better.

And so, as you know, Rotary has undertaken and done great things. But the end is not yet. What that end shall be depends largely upon our clearness and breadth of vision; whether or not we shall be content to let personal success and glory be swallowed up in the greater thing—the net result.

Most of failure in life is personal failure, and perhaps that is as it should be. For we are here but a little while and are gone. Personal success and failure count very little in the vastness of time and space. But the things we live for and fight for—the issues that shall stand or fall as long as the world revolves—are the things that really count.

THEY say that Woodrow Wilson failed. In the little, personal sense, yes. In the greater sense, no. Woodrow Wilson failed to personally put over his program. But the program itself will live forever and peace will come. Perhaps that thought sustained him in tranquility in his last moments; for he was, in my judgment, big enough to see beyond and be more interested in the program itself than in the instigator.

Take the case of Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype. He died poor and neglected, but his contribution to the world is incalculable.

The thing I am getting at is this: *With all our resources of capital, brains, influence and high desire, the world influence of Rotary is in danger of becoming vastly less than it might be, because of restricted vision.*

It is a pretty well established fact that few of us ever tap half of our resources of physical, mental, or spiritual power. Possibly that is because we plan, work, and scheme only for

those things which we can visualize as possible of accomplishment within the span of life to which we look forward, and that we are governed in our visions by the personal desire of seeing fulfillment rather than of launching ideas and programs that we know may take centuries to bring to full development. I am speaking now, of course, of programs for world improvement.

In article three of the Constitution of Rotary International, we have the six objects of Rotary. Number six reads: "The advancement of understanding, good will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service."

The man who framed that paragraph had vision—world vision. He saw fifty, a hundred, perhaps two hundred years ahead.

And that is what all Rotary must do (and please God will do) in accomplishing all that its wonderful resources make possible.

Not governments—not nations—not politicians—not statesmen—not professional peace-makers can lead all countries to enduring peace.

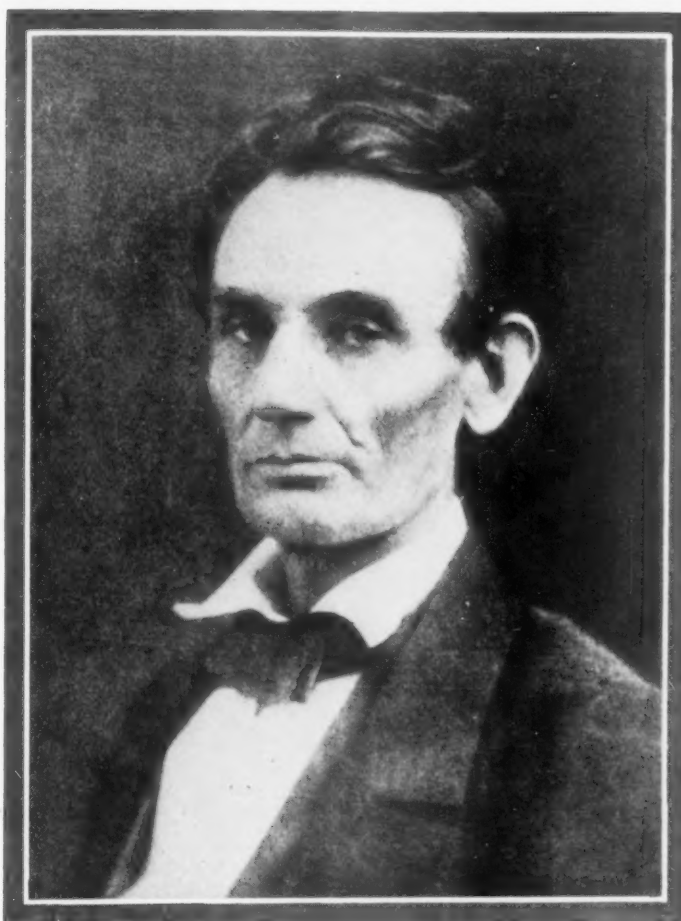
Governments, nations, politicians, statesmen, will ever be suspicious of the motives of each other. But Rotary, through fellowship, through understanding, through good will—through its dominant ideal of service can, I firmly believe, lead the nations to peace.

But it must be content to furnish the vision, the incentives, the example, and the necessary labor involved in developing public opinion and conscience, and not look for nor expect the apparent leadership nor the glory of the accomplishment.

In the last analysis, governments and nations are no bigger nor can see no farther—their ideals are no higher—than the citizenship of which they are made up. A trite saying, no doubt, but one we peculiarly seem to lose sight of at times.

But as Rotary stands firmly for its principles and develops the sources of its present power, it cannot fail of world leadership in everything worth while. The transcendent thing which challenges its utmost in thought and devotion, is world peace, through which will come world prosperity and good will.





## Lincoln—as a Lawyer

*Photograph probably taken about 1858.*

*This photograph and those on the next page are reproduced through the courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society.*

companionable man. His conversation, always illuminating, was usually lighted up with anecdotes of pith and moment. Many of these we shall never be able to reclaim—chance stories, or for an occasion, and never recalled. Out in the Illinois of those all but pioneer days there was no nimble-minded Boswell to sense and trail and find fame by making an intimate record of Lincoln's doings and sayings. Hence, the two kinds of stories we have as a legacy of his personality, stories he himself told and stories about him by his contemporaries, have, in

many instances, passed through the versions of so many different lips or pens that we have probably lost much of their original lush effect and brilliance. It is not easy even now to distinguish between the true and the apocryphal.

Lincoln must have had the mental resilience of a successful *raconteur* as well as fertility in story-telling. The *raconteur* has a tensile wit alert for immediate response. We have little data about him on this point. We do know that Elmer E. Ellsworth before the days of his famous Chicago Zouaves made a youthful show of reading law in Lincoln's office at Springfield. He was a very young man of high spirit and action. Young "Bob" Lincoln, who is now an elderly gentleman living in Washington, was a boy full of fun and frolic. "Bob" and Elmer were cutting up in the office, and Lincoln reproved them. "Bob" replied by quoting the well-known couplet:

"A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men."

"So it is," said father Lincoln; "that's the difference between a wise man and a fool who relishes it all the time."

During the war, a drunken Ohio

**H**OW shall we ever estimate the wealth which the world possesses in its story-tellers? It would make a new and engaging chapter in the history of our civilization. He who can, on the occasion, tell a good, clean story plants a flower in the garden of good-fellowship. Whoever writes a good story adds to many people's enjoyment; he may even enrich human life by a permanent contribution to its literature. Merely the capacity to laugh is a thoughtful gift of Providence. "Morally considered, it is next to the 10 commandments,"

wrote Josh Billings. We shall always need the story for laughter, for instruction, for tears.

This suggests what an opulent mind Lincoln had for story-telling. So had Shakespeare. One of the finest traditions we have of the "genial Will" implies that he was a fun-maker of the first order and possessed in a rare degree the soul of companionship. Wit and humor he had a-plenty. We know, too, how well he could take an incident or a character from history and transmute it into a precious literary treasure for the world's instruction and enjoyment. We are just as familiar with how Lincoln could win a law suit with the help of a story; or lighten a Civil War burden with a pertinent "that reminds me"; or convert his own experience into a contribution to the masterpieces of prose literature for the enlargement of mankind.

In Lincoln, depth of humor dwelt, and depth of sadness. So it was with Shakespeare. A union of both moods was characteristic of Mark Twain, and of many another whom Nature has deftly touched with the flair of genius. A strange possession, this dual psychology; but no more strange than it is perennially interesting. One who read

# Lincoln

## The Story-Teller

By L. E. ROBINSON

law in Lincoln's office has written observantly of the great man's "moods." One of those moods, which but for fear of being misunderstood I should like to call a *capacity*, was what this writer describes as a "blank, unapproachable habit of inner meditation; at times a black melancholy." The Lincoln of this mood, he continues, "was a mystery to which even those nearest and dearest to him were strangers."

This uncanny seriousness in Lincoln was finely balanced by his unfailing humor. "Humor dwells with sanity and common-sense and truth," said Bishop Brewster, and thereby inspired those happy verses of John Kendrick Bangs upon the subject. We shall always love Lincoln for his rich endowment of these three virtues, for these strains finely wrought in his personality, which enabled him to accomplish his great service to humanity.

These virtues made Lincoln a most



Congressman, staggering into the White House and into a chair near the President, with an inebriate flourish repeated: "Oh, why (hic) should the spirit (hic) of mortal be proud?"

"I see no reason at all," retorted Mr. Lincoln.

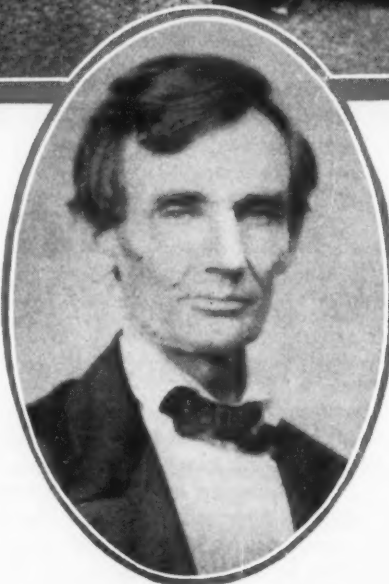
Nicolay and Hay give us a specimen of Lincoln's retort courteous. Meeting at the court house a dejected young lawyer, who had lost his first case, Lincoln inquired: "What has become of your case?"

"Gone to hell!" came the reply.

"Oh, well," returned Lincoln cheerfully, "don't give it up. You can try it again there."

Many have given us their impressions of Lincoln under the spell of telling a story. No one knew more about his gift in this way than his law partner, Herndon. "In the rôle of a story-teller," he wrote, "I . . . regard Mr. Lincoln as without an equal. I have seen him surrounded by a crowd numbering 200 to 300 persons, all deeply interested in a story which, when he had finished it, speedily found repetition in every grocery store and lounging place within reach. . . . His countenance and all his features seemed to take part in the performance. . . . His little gray eyes sparkled; a smile seemed to gather up, curtain like, the corners of his mouth; his frame quivered with suppressed excitement, and when the point—or 'nub' of the story, as he called it—came, no one's laugh was heartier than his."

Lincoln frequently kept the members of the Eighth Circuit bar in a chuckle by his stories, and this often during the progress of the court's business. On one occasion, at least, Judge David Davis, who regarded Lincoln as an able lawyer, a judge whom Lincoln later on made an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, found it necessary to curb Lincoln's fun-making propensity. "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln," he would say, "I can't stand this. There is no use trying to carry on two courts; I must adjourn my court or you yours, and I think you will have to be the one." When the group scattered, the judge called one of the men to him and



The larger portrait is from a photograph made in 1865, showing President Lincoln with his son "Tad." The photographer used a screen background showing the Potomac River and the unfinished Washington Monument. In the oval—Portrait made from a photograph of Lincoln taken in 1860, at Springfield, Illinois, shortly after his election to the presidency.

asked: "What was that story Lincoln was telling?"

At another time Judge Davis was annoyed by a sudden outbreak of the court clerk's laughter, excited by a story Lincoln had whispered to him. "You may fine yourself five dollars," said the court, in rebuke. The clerk apologized, remarking that the story

was worth the money. After the court adjourned for the day, the judge turned to the clerk to inquire what the story was that Lincoln had told. Being informed, it is reported that the judge laughed aloud in spite of himself. "Remit your fine," he ordered.

Lincoln habitually used stories in law suits, at times, no doubt, to reconcile the jury to his side of the contention. Not that he sought to "hurry the court beyond the law and the evidence," to repeat Webster's phrase in a celebrated trial. There are instances, however, when he may have slyly suspected some such effect. Judge Beckwith, of Danville, Illinois, in his "Recollections," tells of Lincoln's defense of a man charged with assault and battery, and his statement to the jury that his client was in the fix of a man upon the highway, who, with pitchfork on his shoulder, was at-

tacked by a neighboring farmer's angry dog. The man parried the dog with his fork and killed him.

"What made you kill my dog?" demanded the furious farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?" countered the other.

"But why did you not go at him with the other end of the fork?"

"Why did he not come at me with his other end?"

Then with his long arms Lincoln assumed the motions of the imaginary dog pushing its tail toward the jury, creating the impression that the plaintiff brought on the fight. He won the suit.

LINCOLN was a natural actor, as well as story-teller. The best testimony we have of this is in that delightful little book, "Six Months in the White House," by F. B. Carpenter, whose great painting of President Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation scene hangs in the National Capitol. Among the many interviews the artist had with the President was one about Shakespeare's "Richard III," in which Mr. Lincoln, "unconsciously assuming the character" of the king, "repeated . . . Richard's soliloquy, rendering it with a degree of force and power that made it seem like a new creation to me." Carpenter laid down (*Cont'd on page 54*)



# Rotary Around the World

## Some Brief Facts

**R**OTARY is a philosophy of every day living. It undertakes to inspire men to realize fully their individual capacity for one hundred per cent citizenship in their state and nation, the square deal to their employees, their customers and their business or professional associates, and individually and through their association in Rotary clubs, to bring about understanding, good will and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service. Because Rotary is a living philosophy, its ideal of service must be expressed, and Rotarians, through all their daily business, social and civic contacts, actively engage in the effort to reconcile the conflict between the desire for profit for one's self and the obligation and duty to serve others. Their philosophy demands the consideration of service before self, based on the practical ethical principle that he profits most who serves best.

### The Rotary Club

A Rotary club is a group of representative business and professional men, one man from each distinct business or profession in a community, who, without secret vow, dogma or creed, but each in his own way has accepted the Rotary philosophy of service, and have organized to study the theory of service as the true basis of success and happiness in business. As individuals, each is endeavoring to translate this theory into practice in business and everyday life and, individually, and as a club, by active precept and example, to stimulate its acceptance both in theory and practice by all non-Rotarians as well as by all Rotarians.

In limiting the membership of each Rotary club to but one man from each distinct line of business or profession in the community, the intention is that each business and profession shall have one worthy and active exponent in the Rotary club and that the Rotary club, through its members, may have one direct and responsible avenue of approach to all those engaged in each business and profession in the community.

### Rotary International

Rotary International is an organization that exists (1) for the protection, development and worldwide propagation of the Rotary ideal of service,

(2) for the establishment, encouragement, assistance and administrative supervision of Rotary clubs and (3) as a clearing house for the study of their problems and by helpful suggestion but not compulsion, for the standardization of their practices and of such objective activities and only such objective activities, as have already been widely demonstrated by many clubs as worth while, and as are within, and will not tend to obscure the objects of Rotary as set out in the Constitution of Rotary International.

### The Objects of Rotary Are:

To encourage and foster:

(a) The ideal of SERVICE as the basis of all worthy enterprise.

(b) High ethical standards in business and professions.

(c) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business and community life.

(d) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(e) The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(f) The advancement of understanding, good will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service.

### Origin and Growth of Rotary

The first Rotary club in the world was formed in Chicago, February 23, 1905, by Paul Harris, a lawyer, who suggested the form of organization to three friends, and they instituted the first club. Its progress has been steady since that time to such substantial effect that at no time has the charter of a Rotary club been recalled nor has a charter ever been surrendered.

Rotary International, the organization of which all Rotary clubs are members, on December 22, 1924, consisted of 1,864 clubs with an approximate membership of 103,000 Rotarians in 28 countries. There are 1,549 clubs in the United States, 77 clubs in Canada, 168 clubs in Great Britain and Ireland, and 70 other clubs scattered over the face of the globe.

### History of Organization

The National Association was formed by convention of first 16 clubs in Au-

gust, 1910, at Chicago; general officers elected and a constitution adopted.

Second Convention held at Portland, Oregon, August, 1911. Platform adopted; motto chosen; monthly magazine established.

International Association formed in August, 1912, at Duluth, Minnesota, to provide for charter for Winnipeg, Canada, and London, England.

Rotary International became name by adoption of revised Constitution at Los Angeles convention, June 6, 1922.

### First Rotary Club Organized in Each Country

United States, Chicago, Feb. 23, 1905.

Canada, Winnipeg, Nov., 1910.

Irish Free State, Dublin, Mar., 1911.

Great Britain and Ireland, London, August, 1911.

Cuba, Havana, April, 1916.

Uruguay, Montevideo, July, 1918.

Philippine Islands, Manila, Jan., 1919.

China, Shanghai, July, 1919.

Panama, Panama City, July, 1919.

India, Calcutta, Sept., 1919.

Argentine Republic, Buenos Aires, Nov., 1919.

Spain, Madrid, Oct., 1920.

Japan, Tokyo, Oct., 1920.

Mexico, Mexico City, April, 1921.

France, Paris, April, 1921.

Australia, Melbourne, April, 1921.

South Africa, Johannesburg, April, 1921.

New Zealand, Wellington, June, 1921.

Peru, Lima, July, 1921.

Newfoundland, St. Johns, Nov., 1921.

Denmark, Copenhagen, Nov., 1921.

Norway, Christiania, Feb., 1922.

Holland, Amsterdam, Nov., 1922.

Brazil, Rio de Janeiro, Dec., 1922.

Belgium, Ostend, July, 1923.

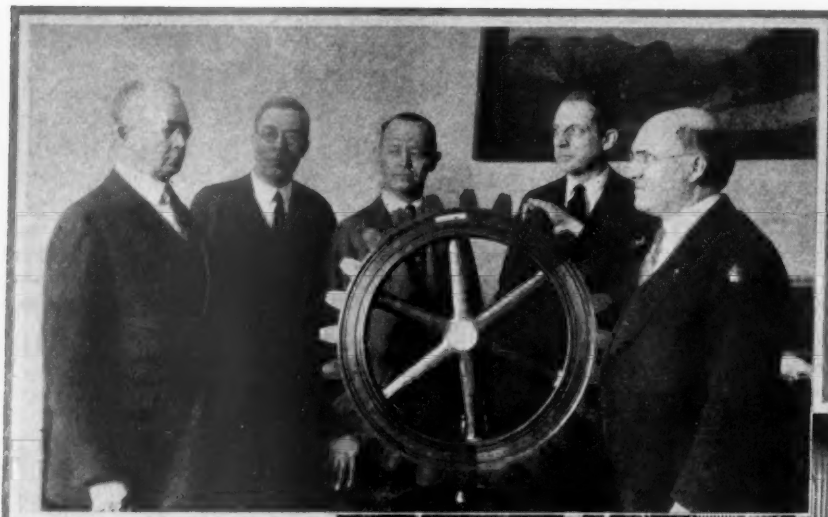
Italy, Milan, November, 1923.

Chile, Valparaiso, April, 1924.

Switzerland, Zurich, May, 1924.

### Clubs Organized Conservatively

No Rotary club has been forced on a community. Each club has come into existence after very careful study of the local situation. Authority to organize must always be secured from Rotary International. No club can have more than twenty-five members at its organization and may admit but three members a month thereafter during the first year.

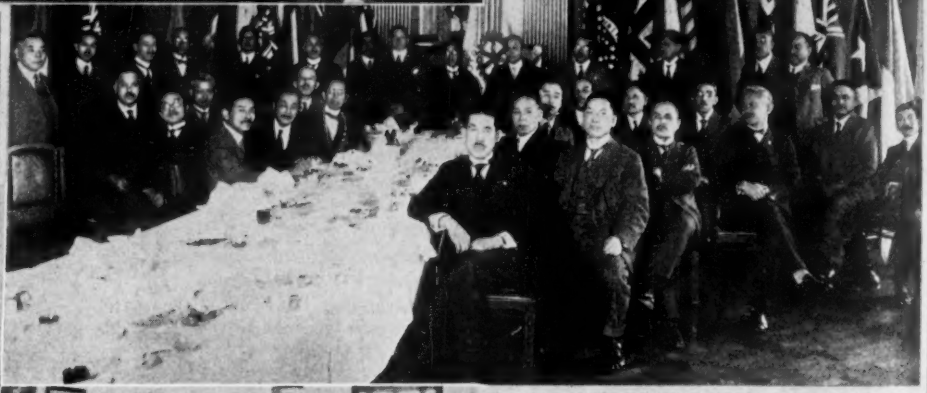


## Rotary Club Views

### A World Picture Tour

The Rotary Club of Chicago sends a beautiful mahogany Rotary wheel through the Fortieth District, initiating a district Rotary educational program. Left to right: Alex C. Johnson, club president; and following members of Educational Committee: John W. Marshall, James T. Anderson, Henry A. Palmer, and W. R. Uhlemann, chairman.

The Rotary Club of Chicago, the founder club of Rotary International, was organized in February, 1905.



The Rotary Club of Tokyo, Japan—The flags of all countries in which there are Rotary clubs are displayed at every meeting and were presented to the club by an American Rotarian.

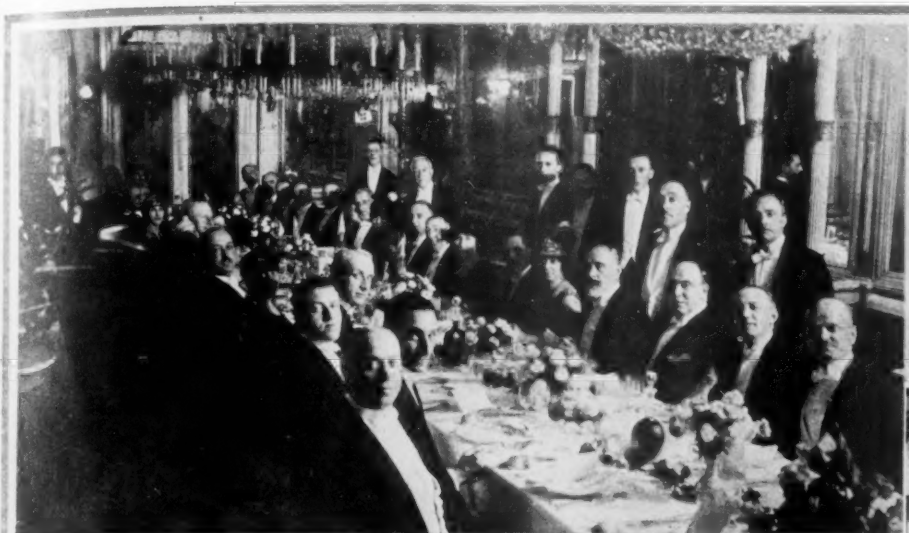


The Rotary Club of Cienfuegos, Cuba. Cuban clubs number twelve and date from the Havana Club organized in 1916.

The Rotary Club of Lima, Peru, with fifty-five members drawn from among the leaders in business and professional life in the Peruvian City.







The first meeting of the new Rotary Club at Turin, Italy, city noted for its commerce, and beautiful public buildings and monuments. Rotary in Italy is represented by six clubs dating from the first club, which was organized in Milan in 1923.

To the right—The white linen suits of the tropics give an air of dazzling whiteness to this meeting of the Rotary Club of Manila, Philippine Islands.



Brazilian Independence Day was observed by the Rotary Club of Rio de Janeiro with a befitting patriotic program. The club at Rio was organized in 1922 and within the last few months has been joined by a sister club in process of organization at Sao Paulo.

The photograph to the right was taken during the first meeting of the Rotary Club of Stavanger, Norway, organized through the efforts of the club at Oslo (formerly Christiania). A third club has recently been instituted at Bergen.





This group was taken at the first "Get-Together" conference held by the Rotary clubs of Wales. Some sixty Rotarians and their wives gathered at Llandrindod Wells for two days of happy fellowship. Among the many good speakers were Vivian Carter, Secretary of R. I. B. I.; "Paul" Graves, Vice-President, R. I. B. I.; and Rotarian A. B. Cooke, of Swansea (and America). A delightful char-a-banc trip to Elan Valley was another feature of the conference, and brought additional praise for Chairman Spowart and Secretary Winterbottom, who were in charge.

This photograph was taken during one of the first meetings of the new Rotary Club at Peking, China. This is the third club so far organized in China. The other two are at Shanghai and Tientsin, the former the pioneer club, organized in 1919. Peking Rotary starts its career with a membership of approximately twenty-five, of which about half are native Chinese and the other half European and American business and professional men of the Imperial City.



At left—The Rotary Club of Winnipeg, organized in November of 1910, the first club to be formed outside the United States. This is a view of their regular luncheon of January 14th—the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes are displayed at every meeting. There are approximately eighty Rotary clubs in Canada.

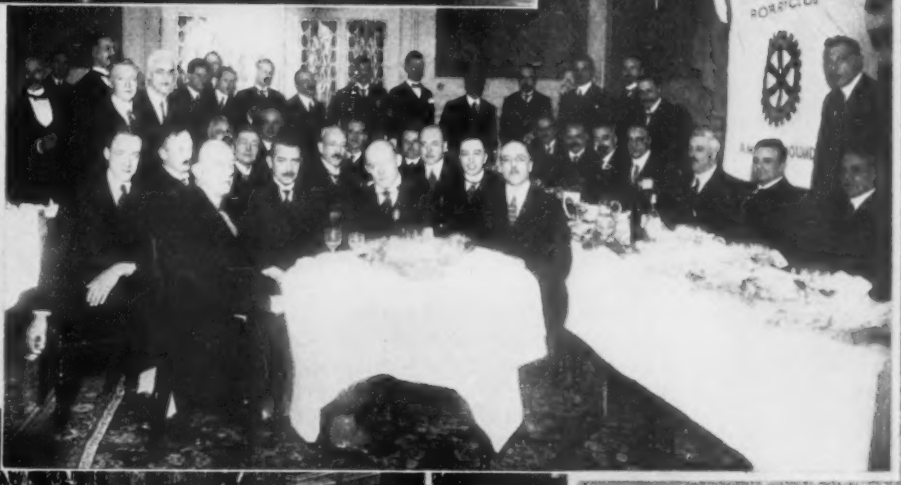
The first conference of Australasian Rotary clubs held September 23 to 25th in Sydney, Australia. The twenty clubs in Australia and New Zealand were well represented. One of the results of the meeting was a plan for a great Pan-Pacific Conference at Honolulu, in May, 1926.





The Rotary Club of St. Johns, Newfoundland, with a membership of thirty-five, was organized in 1921. In this island country, commonly referred to as Britain's "senior colony" and noted for its great fishing industry, the St. Johns Club has found many opportunities for worthwhile community endeavor.

At right—The Rotary Club of Amsterdam, Holland, one of the three clubs in the Netherlands, the other two being at Rotterdam and Utrecht. At the speakers' table, the third man seated from the right is Anton Verkade, a director of Rotary International and member of the Amsterdam Club.



This is a partial view of a great banquet held in the Hotel Cecil by the Rotary Club of London, England, at which there were guests present from all over the world. During the program there was a special exchange of greetings between London Rotary and the Rotary Club of Nice, France. The London Club was organized in 1911 and as a result of rapid growth in recent years there are now more than one hundred and fifty clubs in Great Britain and Ireland.







"Everything droned the Preacher's song of vanity: *All things are full of labor, man cannot utter it.* . . . Here was the true terror, here the great heart of darkness; not in the solitude . . . but in this pitiless wheel of life, revolving, revolving, with no end?"

*The End of Labor: page 19*

# The End of Labor

By JOSEPH TRESIDDER SHEPPARD

Illustrations by Roy Fisher

JOHN CURTIS had looked forward to it so often; eagerly, wearily—at last with reluctance and misgiving. He sat in a second-class compartment of the 8:25, holding his secret. Two anaemic girls and four middle-aged city men were in the carriage; and, in one corner, a red-cheeked youth studying a small German grammar. The boy's eyes wandered from his task, as he dreamed, perhaps, of an open gate on the road of life ahead of him—a gate beyond which lay the glorious world of holiday and adventure. Once Curtis had seen, not farther off than in the still distant thirties, this vision of a wide-flung door that framed dancing seas and painted ships, and forests, and glittering cities. Would this boy's vision too fade like the desert mirage? Would he, too, follow it with steps ever growing wearier, until, disillusioned, he longed only for some cool green resting-place before the night fell? After the long and weary march—after the day's heat and labor—would he, too, at last, find his long-sought oasis a place of unrest and of terror, and foothold not to be gained without fierce fighting?

As the guard's whistle blew, and the train began to move, a man flung himself into the carriage. He was stout and red-faced; and, his frame heaving, nodded Curtis an apoplectic good morning.

"Had a run for it today," he gasped at last, recovering breath. "Cut it a little too fine. I can't manage to time myself as you do, Mr. Curtis. Never have missed the train, have you?"

"Only three times in the last ten years, I think," said Curtis, with a tinge of pride. "But—" He hesitated. "I shall tomorrow," he blurted out, inviting question.

"Holidays, eh?"

"Well—yes. My last day today."

"Lucky man! I've fifteen years yet at the desk, worse luck. How many have you served?"

"Forty-eight years."

"Forty-eight years! By jove, you deserve a rest, then. I knew it was a long time; why, I remember your shaking hands with me the day my poor old governor first brought me to the city. And that's a fair time ago; but you seemed quite an old stager to me then. . . . What are you going to take up? Gardening, I suppose? Great thing to have a hobby you can fall back on."

He buried his nose in his paper.

Curtis gave another glance at the lad in the corner, busily improving his mind, and wondered again whether he had forty-eight long years of toil before him and, at their end, so little to show for all his labor. Renwick was in a bank, and could look forward to a pension when his time of service was over. He spoke of retirement as a holiday; talked about hobbies—gardening—rest and good fortune—and little realized that the old clerk's daily bread was in question.

At the recollection, which was now never far from his thoughts, Curtis opened his paper, and turned first to the money article. He looked at the list of Africans. A long succession of minuses met his eyes. Still a drop! He took out his pencil and made a rough calculation on the margin of the paper. At one time his careful scrapings, his petty economies and little self-denials, had mounted up to seven hundred pounds. At the height of the boom, incited by a happy speculation on the part of one of his colleagues, and obsessed with terror at the near approach of the time which would leave him without income or occupation, he had ventured most of his tiny fortune. The next day there had been a rapid fall. Since then, plus and minus had kept him in a flutter of excitement or depression, but the trend was steadily downwards. "When peace comes, we shall see!" he had reflected. Peace came; the shares went down. "The country will take a little time to recover—three months, say—a wide margin." Three months passed—six—twelve—the shares were nowhere near their purchase price.

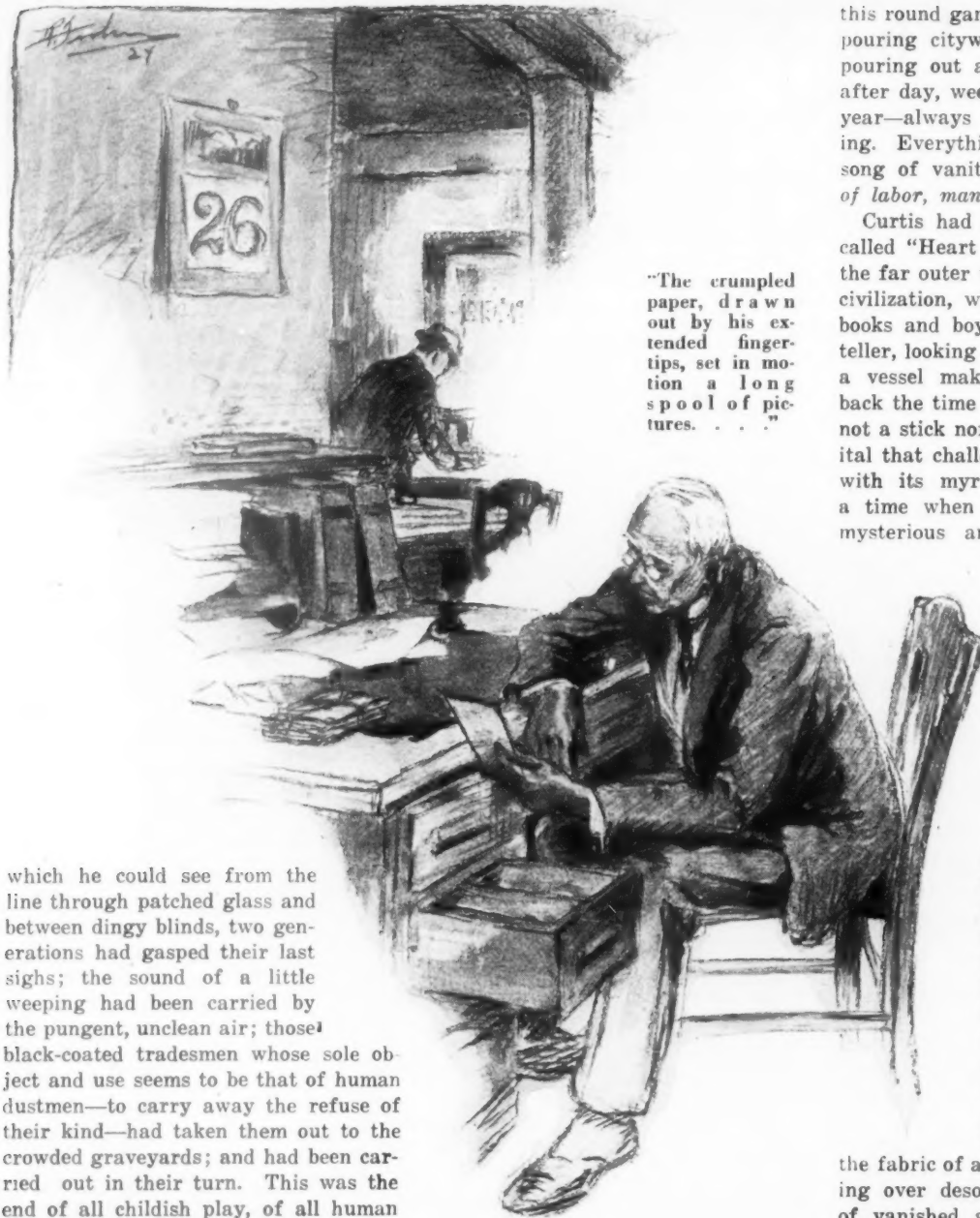
These fractions in the day's paper meant another ten pounds gone from his scanty capital. Hard work had made it; self-denied luxuries, curtailed holidays, had saved it. The ten solid sovereigns, representing long grinding hours in the office, and out of it, days spent in the dreary suburb that might have been enjoyed in the green country or by the sea, had trickled through his fingers like sand clenched in the fist. Nothing to show for them—nothing!

White and bent and careworn—the finished article which the town turns out after long years of moulding—he sat in his corner of the compartment, looking at the jotted total that now lay between him and poverty. Of course his son would help him. But the prospect filled him with aversion. That

would set the stamp of failure on all his life. He had always been an independent man, and a secretive. George knew nothing of his losses. Through a long life, he had prided himself on keeping out of debt, doing well by his family, and being able, at need, to lend a helping hand to others. His principal, husbanded carefully, might keep him for ten years. If he lived longer, he could only live on charity which his son, however willing, could ill afford.

CURTIS looked from the carriage window over the acres of crowded roofs and streets. Hundreds of times—thousands of times—he had gone to and fro along the shining metals, while London imperceptibly grew older. There was little change in this district so near the city's heart. Red-tiled roofs, rusty brown roofs, chimney stacks, narrow roads with dirty children swarming in the gutters, dingy taverns with their clusters of human wrecks around the doors, slatternly women, men idling, men busy about their work—all seemed little altered by the years. On the skyline rose a forest of masts and spars against the smoky clouds. Near at hand, tanneries mingled the odor of leather with the acrid smell of vinegar from a great factory. As a lad, he knew that cobbled old-world yard, the stagnant pond, the drays laden with barrels. He marked a few changes. A red-brick building, already scarred by time and weather, had replaced the warehouse which he had seen one night in flames. At that doorway, the stout, jolly form of a butcher was still remembered, waving to the trains; he had long been forgotten by the street where he was once known so well. Some shops had different names and occupants; a music hall marked the site of a sombre little chapel.

But what struck Curtis most forcibly was the sameness of the journey. Still the streets were full of teeming life—there was no noticeable change in the appearance of the crowds—and yet, of all he had seen in those old years, not one unchanged face remained. Not one. Most of the men and women—even the little children—who had loitered, and chatted, and quarreled, and worked, had vanished as the engine smoke was now vanishing in the far clouds. Perhaps he had seen some dimpled child-face long ago, that he now saw, gray and wrinkled. But under the red and brown roofs, behind the walls, in the rooms



"The crumpled paper, drawn out by his extended fingertips, set in motion a long spool of pictures. . . ."

which he could see from the line through patched glass and between dingy blinds, two generations had gasped their last sighs; the sound of a little weeping had been carried by the pungent, unclean air; those black-coated tradesmen whose sole object and use seems to be that of human dustmen—to carry away the refuse of their kind—had taken them out to the crowded graveyards; and had been carried out in their turn. This was the end of all childish play, of all human endeavor, of all the gossipings, of all the haggings round those stalls where still the women bartered; of all the joys and sorrow and labor; of all lives. Silence—and yet the noisy trampling of the new generation, hastening, also, by the same paths, to its grave. The old huddled houses, the squalid poverty, the pitiful, unending struggle, in what ineffable weariness all seemed to ask the Preacher's riddle!

*"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever.*

*The sun also abideth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose."*

He tried to school himself to repression of the echo of that question which the heart of man has so often uttered

It seemed a blasphemy against God without that "conclusion of the whole matter." And yet it was hard not to utter it, as he tramped across the bridge, slushy with the mud of a week of rain, and saw the drab current running between slimy wharves and warehouses where the rats had their unclean homes; and saw the masts in the docks farther down the water highway, and the aimless wheeling of the gulls, and the oily eddies of the tide; and, at the vessels near the bridge, endless streams of men, like ants, carrying their burdens up and down the planks and gangways.

THE river running to the sea that is never full—the stream laboriously toiling up and down to the shipholds with their cargoes, receiving or sending away the materials for keeping up

this round game that is life; the stream pouring cityward, returning at night, pouring out again and returning day after day, week after week, year after year—always changing, never changing. Everything droned the Preacher's song of vanity. "All things are full of labor, man cannot utter it."

Curtis had read somewhere a story called "Heart of Darkness," a tale of the far outer world, beyond the pale of civilization, which he knew only from books and boyish dreams. The storyteller, looking at London by night from a vessel making seaward, summoned back the time when no buildings stood, not a stick nor stone of this dense capital that challenges the stars at nights with its myriads of twinkling fires; a time when all was morass, forest, mysterious and unsocial; "heart of darkness," like that African heart of which the tale was told. To the city clerk, this grim narrative of a world beyond his ken had had some fascination—but chiefly because of the opening passages with their reminder of what London had been, before the first men drove their piles into its swamps and made their flimsy houses. This caught his imagination, hung in his memory like a picture. Sometimes at evening, crossing the bridge, he had imagined all the looming buildings blotted out, vanished like

the fabric of a dream; the winds sweeping over desolation; the great beasts of vanished ages wandering, uncouth and terrible, where the many feet of men now tread; the roar of creatures unknown and unimagined, filling the place where London roars and is never silent.

But here was the true terror, here the great heart of darkness; not in the solitude, not in the mystery of lands where no human foot has stood; but in this pitiless wheel of life, revolving, revolving, with no end? He shook off the thought; tried to steel himself against it. Yet somehow, the tenets of the narrow sect in which he had been brought up seemed for the first time inadequate; they gave no answer to the riddle. He had worked, long and faithfully; morning after morning at his post, in hard weather and good; through freezing winters, in the heat of the sun; making money for others, and glad that his prayer for daily bread was daily answered. Now the (Cont'd on page 25)





UNITED STATES



CANADA

GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND

CUBA



URUGUAY



CHINA



INDIA



ARGENTINE

# World Rotary Reviewed

By CHARLES ST. JOHN

AT THE outset it might be well to point out that this record is necessarily incomplete. There is not, so far as I can find, any complete set of data showing exactly what Rotary has done in each of the twenty-eight countries wherein it is now established. The reason for this is fairly obvious. Such things as improvement of local or national business methods, and the development of the individual Rotarian—the mainspring of Rotary—cannot, of course, be catalogued; and in matters more amenable to statistics, the listing is often not done, either because of the modesty of the men who did it, or through some failure to mention the matter to the International Headquarters. Furthermore, Rotarians are urged to act through other organizations as much as possible, so that Rotary's influence is by no means limited to its own ranks.

Anyone undertaking to write such a review as this must therefore depend on whatever material he may have at hand, including various reports, bound volumes of *THE ROTARIAN*, and other data. This procedure is hardly scientific, for all that can be secured is a blend of articles, letters, and club notes—none of which were originally written for the purposes of the reviewer. In short, this must be a review of the trend of Rotary achievement rather than any exact record. The whole story—if it could be secured—would be much more impressive. Complete data would permit the reviewer to talk in terms of millions of dollars, millions of pounds and millions of pesos, raised for various projects, of thousands of bodies made healthy, of characters strengthened, of communities directly benefited, of national and international help in times of peace or war or disaster.

Such a story—even without the intangibilities which are just as important as the things that may be listed—would indeed be impressive, but it is doubtful whether it would be a better story to present to Rotary. It might not be as good as this hasty sketch which deals with tendencies rather than

results. For every chronicle of achievement is its own menace as well as its own inspiration—it is poisoned with the temptation to rest on laurels already won. The very paucity of records is also a safeguard against the zeal of those well-meaning individuals who are always trying to prove faith by words. This cold narrative of a few salient points in Rotary's history should provide some cause for satisfaction over past performance, but can hardly be sufficient to dull the ardor for further endeavor.

With this explanatory preface we are ready to make a very cursory survey of Rotary round the world, taking the respective countries in the order in which member clubs were first organized.

## United States

Since the formation of the original Rotary Club at Chicago during February of 1905, the growth of the organization has been a process of acceleration. There are now 1851 Rotary clubs, of which 1539 are in the United States. Looking over the chronicle of activities, one cannot but feel that if there is any form of community service which some United States club has not or is not engaged in, it is merely because that special form has not yet come to the notice of the clubs. The list of so-called "objective activities" is truly amazing in scope. All the major activities of Rotary are well represented, and such worthy endeavors as boy's work, crippled children's work, back-to-school work, Scout work, local and foreign relief work, and so on, appear in endless variety. As soon as one club devises some new scheme such as road signs or a scholarship fund, the idea is promptly adapted to local conditions by a dozen other clubs. From time to time, *THE ROTARIAN* has published general articles indicating what Rotary is doing with boy's bands, scholarship funds, and so forth. The publication of these articles was generally followed by the discovery that some clubs not mentioned in the story were doing the same work—although every effort had been made to have the list complete. Similar articles might

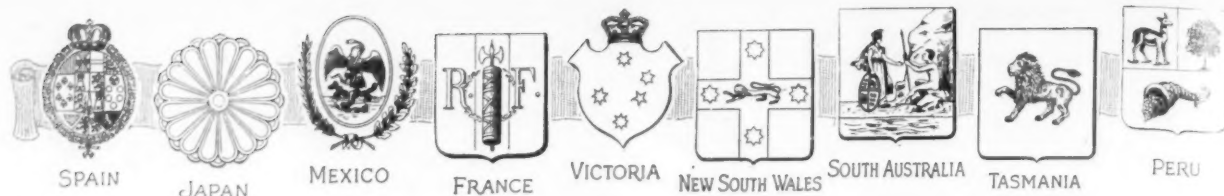
easily be written about Rotary and farm clubs, preservation of historic landmarks, floats for civic parades, milk distribution, school sports, historic memorials, and half a dozen other things. One might even write an article on unusual forms of service undertaken by various clubs.

But enough has been said to indicate the trend of Rotary endeavor in the United States. Starting with the activities which are suggested for all Rotary clubs, the spirit of service is finding expression in a multiplicity of local improvements. These local improvements are coming gradually to national development, and in time some of them will undoubtedly be of international significance since there are similarities in the problems of all countries. In other words, a Rotarian once interested in improving the conditions in his own community eventually discovers that this depends on improving conditions in all communities.

## Dominion of Canada

From the United States, Rotary went across the invisible border, and the first Canadian Rotary club was formed at Winnipeg, in 1910. There are now 77 clubs in the Dominion, and their objective activities have been much the same as those pursued in the United States. Certain Canadian clubs, however, have made a distinct success of community affairs—carnivals and such like. Some of these town festivals were arranged for the benefit of crippled children or some other specialized service, but some celebrations were designed for larger ends in the attempt to turn youthful spirits to harmless fun rather than mischief and destruction of property. At least one Canadian club is very enthusiastic about horticulture, and the gifts of individuals as well as club effort have been designed to promote gardening in one of the largest cities.

It is also noteworthy that the Rotary clubs of some cities with a French-Canadian population give impetus to the progress of the whole organization through the excellent relations they



maintain with Rotary clubs in France as well as with the other clubs in Canada.

### Great Britain and Ireland

Eastward from Canada went the Rotary idea, and in 1911 the Rotary club of Dublin received its charter. Eleven years later this club became the first club in what is now the Irish Free State—and is still the only one in that territory. Probably there will be others when the new republic settles into its stride, but meanwhile this club is preparing the way for Rotary extension by its friendly relations with the Belfast and Londonderry clubs in North Ireland and with the clubs in Great Britain.

The Rotary Club of London, which was also established in 1911, gave Rotary an English home from which the movement eventually spread in all directions throughout the British Isles. There are now 165 clubs in Great Britain and Ireland. While these clubs have, of course, followed out the main trend of Rotary throughout the world, they have also sponsored some local and national programs with considerable enthusiasm. Among such activities might be mentioned the "jobs for demobs" campaign—a nation-wide effort to re-establish returned soldiers which has proved very successful. Closely allied to this are such things as helping boys who desire to enter the merchant marine, and a camp for unemployed youths, both projects which were handled by individual clubs. Other clubs have given attention to the acute housing problem, or have backed some local improvement such as an annex to a hospital, a repertoire theater, or a trades exhibit. The spirit of international appreciation has been demonstrated in instances where one or more clubs have entertained parties of boys from the Colonies or from other countries.

On reading reports of Rotary meetings in R. I. B. I. one is always impressed by the number of informative talks—either on vocations, hobbies, or international movements—and the manner in which these talks are presented and received. Perhaps there is less of "stunts" and song at Rotary meetings in R. I. B. I. but certainly there is no less sincere study of Rotary principles. We may say of R. I. B. I., as of any

other part of Rotary International, that here is an example of how things which appeal to something fundamental in the great majority of humanity can be developed according to a national temperament and backed by a patriotism that is something more than jingoism.

### Cuba

Five years after Rotary was established in R. I. B. I. the drift of extension swung back across the Atlantic and a club was established at Havana, Cuba, in 1916. In this Republic the clubs show a strong bent for health campaigns of various sorts. Among club activities one reads of efforts for the extermination of the fever-carrying mosquito, improvement of the water supply, the establishment of dental clinics, preventive measures for smallpox, sanitary homes, and the improvement of child health. Besides these, clubs have taken an active interest in Scouting, public schools, roads and harbors, government efficiency, and the beautifying of cities. Business methods work and other standard programs of International Rotary, have also received attention.

### Uruguay

From palm-fringed Cuba, Rotary went to Uruguay, and the club at Montevideo was chartered in 1918. It is still the only one in the country, but it has made an important contribution to International Rotary because of its close association with other clubs in Latin-America. Besides their efforts to carry the Rotary message to their neighbors, the Montevideo Rotarians have established the first boys' camp in their own country, and have done other bits of service.

### Philippine Islands

In the following year Rotary reached the Philippine Islands, where a club was formed at Manila in 1919. Like the one at Montevideo this has the distinction of being the first—and at present the only—club in its territory. The Manila club has devoted most of its time to consideration of the standard activities.

### China

Next Rotary entered China, and the club at Shanghai was the first of the three now existing in that country. Here Rotary found at least one of its standard activities already well estab-

lished, for the honesty of the average Chinese business man is proverbial, and the truth of a Rotary precept had been recognized by Confucius some 2,000 years before Rotary was ever heard of. Although many members of these Chinese clubs were drawn from the various foreign colonies, natives of the country are coming in gradually and eventually they will be in the majority, thus emphasizing the value of a fully national contribution to the organization. The Chinese clubs have a preference for schools, and through scholarships and other forms of encouragement, are helping to make higher education possible for more students. These Rotarians are also interested in Scouting, the Y. M. C. A., the Institute for Chinese Blind, and various forms of boys' work.

### Panama

Again Rotary crosses the sea, and now halts in Panama City where the only club in the Republic was started in 1919. Here the Rotarians are preparing the way for succeeding clubs by means of a carefully planned publicity campaign explaining the objects of the organization. By linking precept with example they are making a very good impression on the populace. One of the club's chief interests is that of paved commercial highways.

### India

Back to the Orient—and we find a club organized in India. The Rotary Club of Calcutta was chartered in 1919, and is still the only one in that country. Despite the disadvantages of a climate that tests the endurance of Europeans, the residents who form the majority of the membership have met regularly and have given considerable attention to "objective activities" as well as standard programs. The club presented an ambulance to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to help that organization in its work. Calcutta Rotarians also raised a substantial amount for the relief of unemployed Europeans.

### Argentina

Now the scene shifts to Latin-America, for in 1919 there was also established a club at picturesque Buenos Aires. Another Argentine club has since been formed and both are carrying on with such activities as are suggested for the attention of all Rotary clubs.



### Spain

Again we cross the Atlantic and find that in the following year Rotary entered sunny Spain. The Rotary Club of Madrid is the elder of the two clubs in this country. Spanish Rotarians are not only interested in the general development of their own country, but take thought for the promotion of international friendships. As one indication of this, we find Spanish Rotarians entertaining a group of British boys, sons of Rotarians, and doing everything possible to make the visit a memorable one. This sort of thing has been tried by other European clubs and has always had good results for all concerned.

### Japan

It was also in 1920 that Rotary extension received further impetus in the Orient, Tokyo receiving the first Rotary club in Japan. Since then another Japanese club has been formed at Osaka. International Rotary will long remember the valuable and timely work of the Tokyo club in administering the \$35,000 relief fund which Rotary raised on the occasion of the recent earthquake in Japan. With this fund the Japanese club bought equipment for schools, helped rebuild a maternity hospital, built and equipped an orphanage, helped families of policemen killed during the earthquake, and in other ways assisted the stricken districts to reorganization. Since their organization both the Tokyo and Osaka clubs have been quietly working at projects of their own, helping to improve their cities, and showing a keen interest in the welfare of the young citizens. The Tokyo club was recently presented with a set of the flags of Rotary nations, and the club is always glad to find an opportunity to display this much-appreciated gift from Bolton Smith, an American Rotarian, member of the Memphis (Tenn.) Rotary Club and a past district governor.

### Mexico

Rotary extension next turned to North America. In 1921 business and professional men of Mexico City formed the first Rotary club in the republic. There are now nine clubs in Mexico, and their objective activities show a wide range of interests. Some of these clubs have sponsored Scout troops, some have provided public playgrounds, some

have secured better fire protection for their cities, and some have concerned themselves with securing good roads. Besides all this, the standard activities have received careful attention, and many international friendships have resulted from meetings of clubs from both sides of the Mexican-U. S. boundary.

### France

In France, Rotary has had a steady growth since the first club was formed at Paris in 1921. The swiftness with which Paris Rotarians organized entertainment for the delegates to the International Convention at Edinburgh, argued well for the future of Rotary in France. Among four clubs in this country we find a wide range of club activities, and a penchant for the development of science, industry and art. The desire for improvement in these matters is shown by the establishment of the Binetti Laboratory of Cancer Research, in the training of apprentices and the encouragement of industrial exhibits, and in honors paid to a patriot poet. French Rotary clubs have also entertained groups of visitors from other lands, and at the time of the Los Angeles convention sent their representative to place a memorial tablet on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

### Australia

Rotary then took another long flight, and reached Australia where a club was formed at Melbourne in 1921, its organization being largely due to the efforts of two Canadian Rotarians. There are now seven clubs in the Commonwealth, and the members have been busily testing out various lines of endeavor with some emphasis on boys work and community-improvement projects, one of the most successful of boys' weeks having been reported from this part of the world. The first conference of Australian clubs showed that many entertainments for young and old had been held, and that the clubs had exhibited considerable ingenuity in preparing original songs. One of the far-reaching plans of Australian clubs is that for a Pan-Pacific Rotary Conference in the near future.

### South Africa

Then we find Rotary in South Africa, and British and Boer colonists mingling

freely at the Rotary Club of Johannesburg which was formed in 1921. A second club has recently been established in the Union and others will probably follow. So far the activities of the senior club seem to have been those suggested for all Rotary clubs, but the formation of new clubs in this territory will doubtless be followed by experiments with a more varied program.

### New Zealand

Within the same year the Rotary Club of Wellington received its charter, and so became the first of the ten clubs now functioning in New Zealand. Rotary has had an enthusiastic reception in the Antipodes. The same regard for the health and happiness of children which won New Zealand legislators international recognition has been reflected in the efforts of these clubs. Public parks and playgrounds, boys' week programs, encouragement of schools, help given to boys' bands, in these and other ways the thought for posterity finds application here. Nor has the spirit of service been limited to efforts for those whose lives are mainly in the future. Some New Zealand clubs have taken an interest in prisoners and others whose past suggested the value of a helping hand.

### Peru

Again Rotary extension shifted to South America, and the Rotary Club of Lima was formed in 1921. Although this is the only club in Peru, Lima Rotarians do not feel isolated for they have ample opportunities to fraternize with Rotarians of neighboring countries. Among other accomplishments the Peruvian Rotarians have secured a good hotel for Lima.

### Newfoundland

Moving north again, Rotary extension is next manifest in Newfoundland, the oldest of British crown colonies. The Rotary Club of St. Johns was established towards the close of 1921. It is still the only one in its territory, but because of the many Canadian clubs, St. Johns Rotarians have many opportunities for inter-fellowship gatherings. Through the constant exchange of correspondence and visiting members, they are able to keep in touch with all Rotary.

(Continued on page 61)



# A Sentimental Journey Through Hoosierdom

The term "Hoosier" has been applied to the people of Indiana for many years. Its first appearance in print was as early as 1830 in a poem by John Finley, "The Hoosier Nest," written for the Indianapolis Journal. The exact origin of the term is uncertain.

**W**HEN one has time or money to spend he may very properly ask of himself the question: How can I make my expenditure count most? It is easily possible to spend time and money in a fruitless search for pleasure. Most people believe that the one thing necessary to human happiness is an unlimited income. What most of us really need is to know how to get the maximum of results from the expenditure of the time and money available in this world of ours.

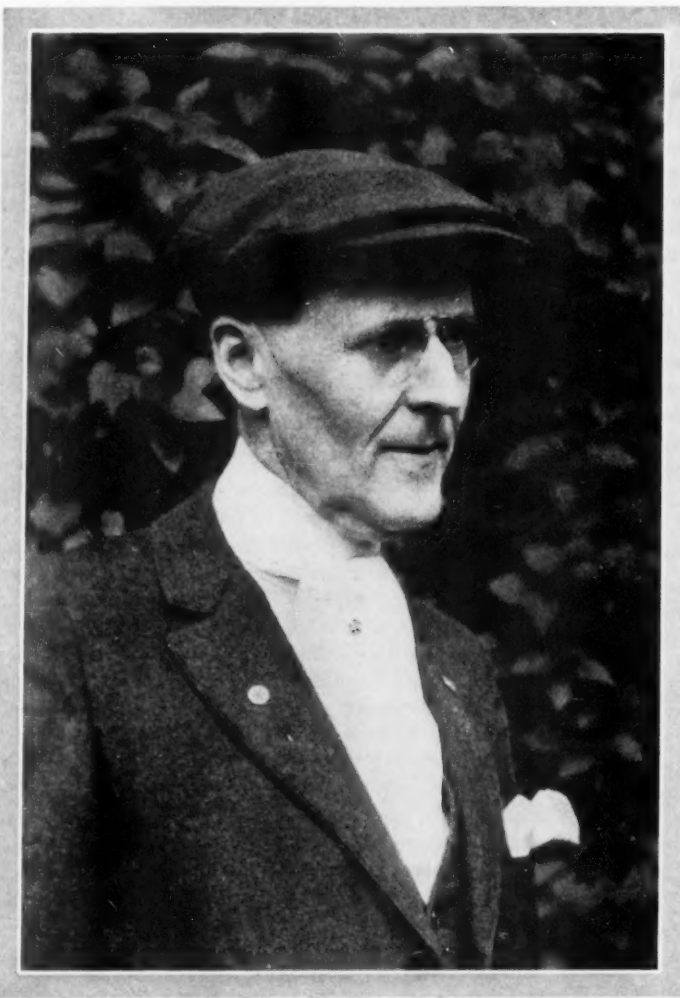
Dean Butler of the University of Chicago has defined education as an enrichment of life. There are those who contend that the highest objective of education is learning how to agreeably and profitably spend our leisure time.

A philosopher can gain as much happiness from the pages of a good book as some gilded youth can find in vast riches. The laboring man sometimes strikes for higher pay when he might better strike for more culture. Babson contends that the poorer we are, the more virtuous. More culture will enable us to better stand prosperity. If prosperity must express itself in jazz, it would be preferable to remain in respectable poverty.

Whether the attainment of happiness or the discovery of truth be the most noble objective of education, the great and growing need in the world today is a broader and better education.

If I have days and dollars to spend in the pursuit of happiness, I prefer to spend them in a manner which will enable me to enjoy them in retrospect as well as in prospect; in other words, I prefer vacations which have survival values.

The poet says of the November day—



Photos: Tom Phillips. Chicago.

By PAUL P. HARRIS

President Emeritus, Rotary International

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; It rains, and the wind is never weary;"—and yet to my mind there is no month in the year when the Northern States are more interesting than in November. Nature throws herself wide open during the November days; all secrets are disclosed. Hills and valleys that were hidden away beneath the foliage come forth to claim one's attention.

There is a mysticism in the atmosphere and a sweet melancholy at times.

There are indeed manifold joys in the country just before the closing down of the white lid of winter; and even after then, for that matter. Outdoor winter sports possess rare fascination and should be encouraged in all Northern States. What can be more enjoyable or more invigorating than skating, snow shoeing, tobogganing,

Paul P.  
Harris

Founder of the  
First Rotary Club

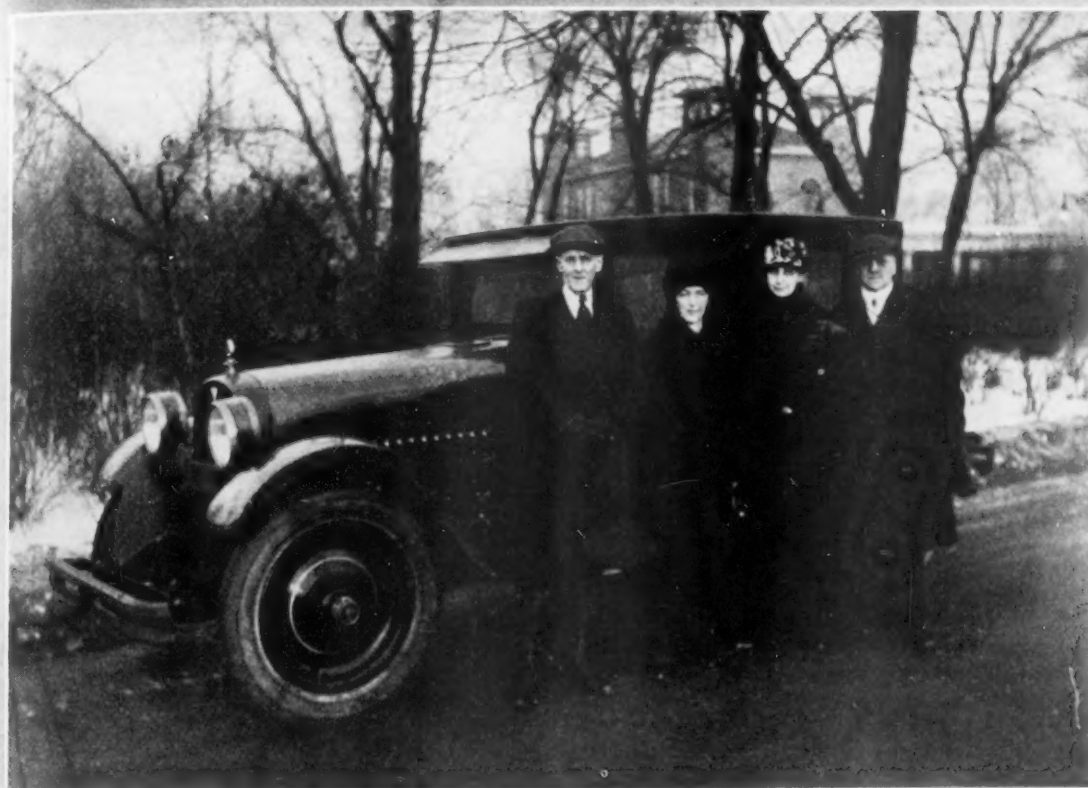
skiing, coasting, or merely rambling over snow-clad hills or mountains on a winter mornings when the snow crystals are sparkling in the sun.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Schiele and Mrs. Harris and I spent the last four days of November on a delightful automobile trip through the State of Indiana and we can cheerfully recommend the journey to any and all who love nature and who believe that vacations should be planned so as to be educational and to give one happy memories in the days to come. It had been the privilege of Mrs. Harris and the writer to make brief but intensive studies of Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois and we eagerly hailed the opportunity of spending a holiday in Indiana "when the frost

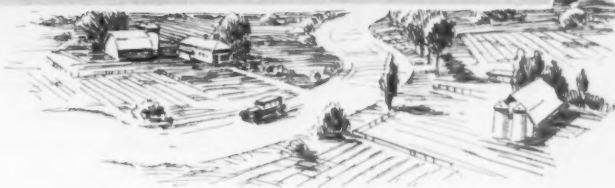
is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

Wednesday, November 24th, was crisp, and daybreak found us bowling along the Dixie Highway in the neighborhood of Chicago Heights. There is always a very special joy in witnessing the break of day and to one born and bred in the North, the joy is none the less because of the fact that it is winter. There is happiness in the slow unfolding of things. Mis-shapen objects begin to assume recognizable form, the smoke begins to rise from farm-house kitchen chimneys and one's fancy flies to hot coffee, buckwheat cakes, and country sausage. Crows begin to lazily fly and caw their disrespect of humans, the majority of whom still must crawl along the surface of the earth even though they move swiftly at times.

Valparaiso has an educational institution, which is noted for its surprisingly low tuition and living costs. Of course, the University was an object of



In the picture, left to right, are: Paul P. Harris and Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Silvester Schiele and Mr. Schiele. Both President Emeritus Harris and Rotarian Schiele are members of the Rotary Club of Chicago, both of the group of "original four" members, the former conceiving the idea and founding the club and the latter serving as its first president.



special interest to us who are always happy to do homage to education. La Porte came and passed in the panorama and almost before we knew it we found ourselves climbing the hill toward the glistening distant buildings of Notre Dame. Someone said something about "four horsemen" and an instant later we wished Father Cavanaugh a fond farewell and were on our way treasuring an indelible impression of the magnificent Catholic institution.

We lunched at Plymouth and in mid-afternoon arrived at Culver. We circled about among the impressive buildings of this great military academy on the beautiful lake and an instant later were on our way to Logansport.

IT was after nightfall when four tired but happy people glided down the level and lighted streets of Kokomo, and glad we were to look up the Rotary hotel, register, wash up and prepare for the splendid dinner served at the Frances. There was an air of good cheer about that hostelry that did credit to the judgment of the Kokomo Rotarians, who claim it as their own.

Tired travelers are entitled to sound sleep. I heard the town clock strike

once or twice and was then off to dreamland.

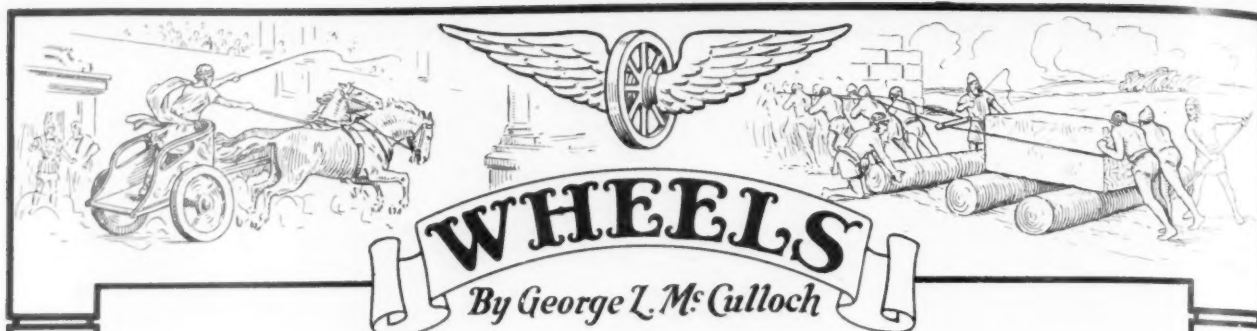
At five-fifteen a sleepy porter gave us a sleepy ring and after a hasty breakfast we were on our way, creeping carefully along the hard wet pavement. As day broke we drove somewhat faster—too fast, some of us thought. How fast I can not say; but in any event it was certainly exhilarating. Corn fields, pasture, and woodlands flashed by in swift succession. Farmhouses, and other buildings showed evidences of prosperity and even more important, showed that the rural people are learning how to realize more of life's values. Old houses had been remodelled to admit more light. Sun parlors and sleeping-porches were numerous, and the houses were frequently so located that they commanded excellent views up and down the broad, hard-surfaced highway. I was reminded, through my sense of contrast, of a lady of my acquaintance who was raised on a farm located on a dirt road in the corn belt of Illinois. Her memories of long, shut-in winters and muddy spring roads haunt her to this day. No wonder that there has been an exodus from farms to cities.

However, a better day has come to the country. Hard roads, telephones, rural delivery and the radio have given rural life new zest. The back tide has already set in. It is astonishing how many new homes have already been built along the hard-surfaced roads, showing that given suitable living conditions man loves the moon and stars better than he loves any lighting system which man has produced. As we sped swiftly along we soon became conscious of life characteristic of the environs of big cities; then Broad Ripple, a suburb of Indianapolis, burst upon our view.

To the commuter species there is no sport so fascinating as that of comparing other suburbs with one's own, and we made the best of the opportunity.

Indianapolis is always impressive to the visitor and its imposing buildings and magnificent Circle registered a strong impression on the minds of the mixed quartette from Morgan Park, Illinois.

We paid a brief visit to the Claypool, the Rotary hotel, but felt that we could not spare the time to visit Butler College (Continued on page 52)



**T**HERE may be a difference of opinion as to what might be considered the most appropriate emblem of civilization. Some would choose the eagle as typifying freedom, some the anchor with its message of hope, some the torch as signifying enlightenment. But after all, the insignia of the Rotary club, the wheel, is in all its implications the most complete and the most suggestive emblem of human progress. The world could get along without eagles or anchors, but can we conceive our modern civilization without the wheel?

In the first place, the wheel is modeled upon the most perfect form in nature, the circle, mystical, without beginning or end, limitless as eternity. In fact, what is the world itself but an enormous wheel with tremendously distended hub, spinning through space, bringing the seasonal changes, daylight and darkness? In the earliest dawn of history the wheel was known and used. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that without the wheel there was no human civilization. John Fiske, the eminent American historian and philosopher, asserts that when our continent was discovered the aboriginal Indian was in the stone age. The wheel was unknown. The Indian pounded out his corn on a flat rock with a stone, while his squaw and papoose traveled on a litter made of two poles attached to a pony and dragging on the ground. But six thousand years ago the ancient Egyptians had already begun the ascent which through Greece, Rome, and mediaeval Europe has culminated in twentieth century civilization. The gigantic blocks with which the pyramids were

built were drawn from the quarries by the Nile on huge wooden rollers, a modified form of the wheel. And we are told in the book of Exodus that the wheels of the Egyptians' chariots drove heavily as they pursued the fleeing Israelites.

**F**ROM that day to this the wheel has come into ever-increasing use. The nineteenth century ushered in the age of machinery, and what is machinery but a cunningly devised arrangement of wheels? All our complex modern industrialism rests upon the wheel. Remove the wheels from every factory and manufacturing ceases; remove the wheel from transportation systems on land and sea and distribution is paralyzed. Were there no wheels on the farm we would be pushed back into the age of the sickle and the flail. We carry wheels in our pockets to tell us what the time is. The printing press, most potent of all agents of civilization, is but an aggregation of wheels. With the wheel we lift the steel girders of the modern skyscraper, with the wheel we raise the coal from the deepest mine. With the wheel the airman is enabled to scout above the clouds, and the submarine to ply its deadly trade beneath the surface of the sea. Most of us came to our present abode on wheels, and we shall all probably leave it on wheels, either to some other place of residence, or to our long home.

Wonderful is the wheel, emblem of full-rounded fellowship, of all-inclusive human interest, reaching straight out from its center to the widest boundaries of man's thought and life. Worthy Rotary emblem, significant of Rotary spirit and purpose!





# The Ideal Qualifications of a District Governor

By GUY GUNDAKER

ON THE next page is given a list of qualifications for the office of district governor in Rotary. The fact that earnest and devoted Rotarians do not possess all of these qualifications does not necessarily interdict their advancement to the office, but it would be unfortunate if the Rotarians present at a district conference did not have these qualifications in their minds when deciding who should be selected to serve as governor.

## Will We Get the Man We Need?

When showing the draft of this list of qualifications to one of my friends he hesitated for a minute and then said: "Guy, if I may speak frankly, I don't believe that when you were elected president of Rotary International you possessed all of the qualifications you suggest for district governors." In answer, I replied: "Quite right, I frankly admit it but don't forget two facts: First, that the 100-per-cent qualifications for a district governor, the same as the 100-per-cent qualifications for any Rotary office, should be set up as our ideal no matter how difficult of attainment it may seem; and second, that, as to those of us who have been lacking, the high aims of Rotary have inspired us to endeavor to attain its standards and gain in capability for service in the world. Those who have held office in Rotary have all been conscious of their own short-comings but like Ernest in the story of the Great Stone Face, they have contantly hoped that as the years roll by some wiser, more gifted and more representative man will appear, more worthy of International preference. To measure up to the highest standards of Rotary is to be representative of the best there is in mankind today." Let us do our best and modestly and generously hope that someone else may be able to do even better.

Now by way of further preface let me introduce here what may be called—

## An Average Rotarian's Soliloquy

Would I take the job? Certainly not. Why? Well, I'm too busy. Of course it is a great opportunity for service. I realize that but think of the time it requires! Yes, I know that men who have so served say they wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. It is certain that they have a recollection of it that they treasure highly. After all it is a very important position in Rotary—some say the most important—while I cannot serve, I must admit

*At the outset, it should be known that this article did not happen through any initiative of the writer; also, that he is fully mindful of the old adage, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread"; furthermore, that the temerity and apparent foolhardiness of the article is softened by the fact that it was written by direction of the governing body of Rotary International; and finally, that the qualifications presented are largely a composite picture of many qualifications submitted by members of the Board of Directors of Rotary International and other interested Rotarians.—GUY GUNDAKER.*

*that I have a duty and a responsibility to help select the right man for the office. I will do my utmost to find some capable Rotarian in our district who not only is qualified but can give the time required for a year's service as the governor of this district.*

Now if you, fellow-Rotarians, who are reading this article have reached that point where you are willing to give some thought to doing your part in selecting the next governor of your district in Rotary, let me not only draw your attention to the qualifications required by a district governor but let me give you also a little interesting history of the origin of the office and some information, the possession of which may help you develop your power of "selectivity" in this matter.

When at the Duluth Convention, in 1912, Rotary International emerged from the then "National Association of Rotary Clubs of America" the first districts were set up. They were called "divisions" then. There were five in the United States, two in Canada, and one for Great Britain and Ireland. For each division there was a vice-president. Those vice-presidents of that day were different from the vice-presidents of today in that they were not members of the Board of Directors. They were merely executive officers, each in his respective division, just as the district governors of today are, each in his respective district. The areas covered by those divisions in North America were, of course, enor-

mous and within a couple of years it was realized that there must be a greater number of smaller divisions. To have a large number of vice-presidents did not seem advisable. Furthermore it was felt that there should be one or more real vice-presidents to assist the president with his rapidly increasing responsibilities in connection with the general administration of Rotary International.

In February of 1915, the Rotary Club of New York planned and carried out a fellowship excursion of Rotarians to the island of Bermuda. As the time of the adventure corresponded with the time of the meeting of the executive committee of the Board of Directors of Rotary International called to be held in New York City, Rotarian Copeland, a member of the New York club, under the classification of "tourist agent," invited the International officers to be his guests on the voyage to Bermuda. The invitation was accepted. The sessions of the executive committee were held on the boat and on the Island.

DURING that year Arch Klumph, of Cleveland, was chairman of a constitution and by-laws committee which was preparing a revision of the constitution and by-laws to meet the needs of the rapidly developing organization. It was on board the ship returning to New York while Arch, Ches Perry, and the writer were discussing the new constitution when the suggestion was developed that instead of the large Board functioning through an executive committee there should be set up a Board of five men to consist of the president, three vice-presidents, and the immediate past president. This made it necessary to adopt some other title for the executive officers who in certain areas should have direct supervision of clubs, carry on extension work, and see that the plans laid down in Convention and Board meetings were carried out by the clubs.

The conclusion reached was that the eight areas known as divisions should be changed into nineteen areas to be known as districts and for each district there should be a district governor. As the vice-presidents of the divisions were elected by the entire convention, the same as the other officers of Rotary International, it was thought advisable to continue the custom and have the district governors elected by the entire convention thus making them in every sense officers of Rotary International. To inaugurate the plan immediately, it

was decided that during the San Francisco convention the delegates present from each district should meet and select some Rotarian as the district nominee for district governor. Subsequently this arrangement was changed so as to permit the nomination of the district governor at the district conferences.

At the San Francisco Convention, in 1915, with the adoption of the revised constitution the new arrangement as to officers and districts went into effect. In some of the old divisions there had been meetings of club executives and divisional conferences attended by members of the clubs in the divisions, but neither under the divisions nor under the new order of districts was there at first any definite program for such events. At first the district governor confined his efforts to assisting his clubs through correspondence and to visiting such clubs as invited him to come at their expense to visit them. However, the requirements of the clubs became evident and at the 1917 Convention held in Atlanta the per capita dues were increased partly to meet the general administration expenses and partly to enable the Board to appropriate funds so that every district governor, at the expense of Rotary International, might pay an official visit to each club in his district. By that time also the district conference became established as an annual event in every district, and the nomination of the district governor was assigned to the delegates from the clubs in the district conference.

In his presidential address at the Atlanta Convention, Arch Klumph, referring to the district governor, said: "This office must be taken more seriously and be more greatly utilized. More responsibility rests upon the individual members of each district in the selection of their district governor. He should be a man of no less talents than required for an International vice-president or even a president."

The position of district governor of Rotary International has become one

## Qualifications of a District Governor

1. He must be a Rotarian of recognized loyalty to the International idea and International administration of Rotary.
2. He must be an active member of a Rotary Club in good standing in Rotary International and the integrity of his classification in Rotary must be unquestioned.
3. He must have served on some of his club's committees and have successfully filled the position of club president.
4. He must have attended at least one Rotary District Conference and one Rotary International Convention.
5. He must signify his intention to be present at the next International Convention and at the International Council meeting in Chicago and there participate in four or five days intensive work—a university course in Rotary.
6. He must have a knowledge of Rotary, its purposes, objects, and laws and the reasons for their adoption and execution.
7. He must be a man of high business or professional standing with executive ability demonstrated in the conduct of his own business or profession.
8. He must have his business or professional work so well organized that he can give the time and effort necessary to carry on his Rotary work.
9. He must be able to discuss Rotary topics in a convincing manner and express his thoughts publicly as well as privately in a simple, earnest, and interesting way. He need not necessarily be an orator.
10. He must be able to sit down with the officers, directors, and committees of a club and advise them helpfully as to their work.
11. He must have a personality that will attract men and hold friends even though his duty may call for plain and firm speaking from him to them.
12. He must possess the esteem and confidence of his own club and be able to rely upon its cooperation.

of the most important positions thus far devised. In the British unit of Rotary International the administrative officer corresponding to the district governor is designated as the district chairman. The qualifications here set down are equally applicable to district governors or district chairmen. To avoid awkward repetition the words district governor are used in this article to indicate both administrative officers.

FROM time to time, since 1915, additional districts have been created as the number of clubs became too great in certain districts to enable the clubs to receive from their district governor the service which all clubs require. When the nineteen districts were created there were about 190 clubs, giving an average of about ten clubs to a district, and it has always been the thought that the number of districts would have to be increased as the number of clubs increased so that there would never be a larger number of clubs in a district than that number which could be successfully and help-

fully supervised by an active business or professional man without requiring too great a sacrifice on his part.

Through the district governor the plans of Rotary International are passed to the local clubs. Rotary International can plan great service programs, it can outline splendid betterments for the individual Rotarian, his business, his craft and his community, but the successful outcome of these plans and programs will depend on the measure of cooperation given by the local clubs.

Unfortunately, this cooperation of the local clubs is difficult to secure without the direct personal contact, which is more potent than ordinary correspondence. By this I do not mean that the Rotary club presidents are unwilling to carry into effect the recommendations of the Board of Directors of Rotary International or of R. I. B. I., or the recommendations of the International committees, for such a statement would be far from

the truth. But I do know from my experiences as chairman of three International committees that in those districts where the district governors in their club visitations stressed the programs and the suggestions offered by Rotary International through its International committees, the objects and purposes sought were achieved. The contrary is also true.

The recognized personal relation in which the district governor stands with the clubs in his district makes the members of the Board of Directors and the members of the International committees realize that their influence in accomplishing activities is small when contrasted with the greater influence of the district governor. Rotary International looks to the district governor to supply the inspiration and the enthusiasm necessary to develop the interest of the local clubs in Rotary International's program. In consequence of the responsibilities imposed upon him the district governor is credited with the general success and progress of Rotary as shown by the various

(Continued on page 51)

# Modern Trade--Antiquated Tools

## A Plea for International Commodity Quantity Standards in Trade and Industry

By AUBREY DRURY

Director, All-America Standards Council

**T**HE text is: "Divers weights and divers measures; both of them alike are abomination to the Lord." (Proverbs, 20:10.)

Yet this is to be no preaching. It is rather to reveal anew the vast importance—to business and professional interests, and to all others—of the world-wide move for simplification and unification of standards.

In the face of the keenest trade competition the world has ever known, business men of the nations of the world are bound to either gain or lose as they have or have not adopted progressive systems which are the tools of buying and selling. Progressive peoples are bound to utilize all the efficient time-saving, labor-saving methods developed by moderns. In this Radio Age, we cannot afford to "muddle along" with Stone Age tools of trade.

To the many, therefore, who are concerned with elimination of waste in commerce and industry, the realization has come with a shock that English-speaking peoples (in other ways so truly efficient) are yet governed in their trade transactions by crude "rule of thumb" measures which are survivals of barbarism.

Thus Alexander McAdie, in his witty articles now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, exposes the gigantic fraud of the "customary" standards. The original yard, he avers, was the sacred distance "between the tip of the first King Henry's nose and the end of the royal thumb." An inch may have been, as some assert, the length of an equally regal knucklebone; though in the 14th Century it was decreed that three barley-corns round and dry "from the middle of the eares" constitute an inch.

"Our foot is supposed to be the length of an English king's foot—although there were some kings more generously endowed than others both as to feet and understanding!"

Weights and

capacity measures used by British and Americans were imposed upon their ancestors by German merchants of the Hanseatic League, who for centuries held the trade of England under their thick thumbs.

Granting a certain quaint Elizabethan oddity to our present clutter of weights and measures, they would look better in a museum rather than in the marts of trade. In them, we cherish a collection of antiques. And they cost even more than most antiques, and are fully as useless.

How many business men know the absurd unrelated units in which they are supposed to deal? Who will acknowledge acquaintance with these, all and sundry: bushels, pecks, barrels, minims, drams, yards, fathoms, links, chains, inches, lines, grains, drums, scruples, miles, pints and points, mills and gills, stones and cords, fathoms and furlongs, hands and feet, rods and poles, tons and tuns, fluid ounces and troy ounces, dry quarts and wet quarts, hundredweights and pennyweights—why go on with the rest of the travesty?

The truth is, as Gladstone said, that nobody ever really learned this jumble. Who knows definitely, when the word "ton" is used, what is meant thereby? Or "quart"—or "bushel"—or "ounce"—or "hundredweight"—or "stone"? Possessed of the same names, many such diverse units are nevertheless of varying sizes and capacities.

Could there be more flagrant invitations for fraud, mistakes and misunderstandings in commercial deals? Could any Code of Ethics be tight enough against such all-pervasive broadcasters of confusion and delusion? Can the guesswork be taken out of business as long as this jumble persists?

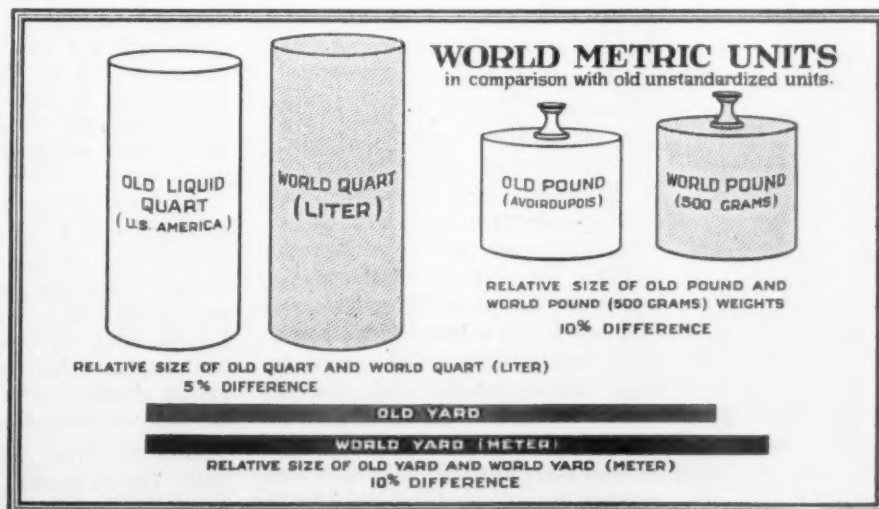
Yet modern business men, American and Canadian and British, transact their daily business with these decrepit medieval relics. Is this calling names? Well, even that rollcall of their names condemns these measures—reveals them in all their ugly grotesquery and diversity.

**M**ANY there are amongst the business folk of our enlightened English-speaking nations who know well enough what to do with this battalion of irregulars. They would array in garb of motley the tricky avoidupois weight and the stolid Henry yard, truss up the hands and feet, do away with all scruples—and, in short, before the mock court of a Table Round, amid clamorous applause, condemn these clowns of commerce to the oblivion they deserve.

And then, having banished them (some will say) we must search for something better. Search for something better!

Most of the world has found the answer. Most of the world is transacting its business on the simple decimal metric basis. Surely what is world-wide in use and application will not much longer elude the gaze of our searchers after efficiency.

As Roger W. Babson says: "The world is moving on, and we must not stand still in so vital a field as measurement—the master art which leads all arts and crafts, all industry and commerce, all finance and statistics, and now in all legislation. The gradual adoption of the metric weights (Cont'd on p. 66)



The figures show comparative sizes of the standard world metric units, and like units in use today principally in the United States, Canada and the British Isles.





Trowbridge: "Last night when I came out of my club I found a fender on my car badly smashed. . . . I was surprised to find your card on my steering-wheel asking me to call here this morning."

# Henry Lamson, Rotarian

## A Playlet in One Act

By J. R. GILBERT

### CHARACTERS

HENRY LAMSON, *Rotarian.*

MISS RICHARDS—*Stenographer*

MR. TROWBRIDGE—*A Merchant.*

TOM—*Colored Janitor*

POLICEMAN

SCENE—HENRY LAMSON'S *real estate office*

TIME—*Present.*

[Sketch opens with janitor busily dusting furniture and arranging the office for the start of the day's business. He sings some weird chant of his own devising. Presently the stenographer arrives.]

JANITOR: 'Mawnin, Miss Richards. I hopes you-all is feelin veyh festalubrious this mawnin. It's a grand mawnin, and you shore looks extry bright and ready fer a big day's work.

STENOGRAPHER: Yes, work, work,

work! I suppose I'll just have to keep going to some office morning after morning all the rest of my life. The last place I worked—

JANITOR: You-all is in-fer a bad day. You ain't started right. It 'pears to me like I recollect that when you come in that door yonder a certain cullud gen'man said good mawnin to you-all. Now, sayin good mawnin ain't nuthin to knock the plug out of the vinegar barrel like this hyer. Why, bless your little heart, I'se a heap older'n you-all, and I seen many a pufflicky good day plumb spoiled jest like that. Now listen to me, honey. You and me ain't hired in this 'stablishment jest to give us some place to show our grouch. Does us want to slam the doors and kick the chairs around, and look like the devil when he wuz kicked outa heaven, we'd

better lay off and do it. Mistuh Lamson's got troubles of his own, and in all the years I been keepin' his office runnin' smooth fer him and his father before him, he ain't never give me to understand that he perticularly cares fer the kind of a greetin' you done give me.

Now, I'll go out and come back in agin, honey, and you-all's goin' to start all over agin the way you wuz intended to start when the good Lord give you them purty eyes and teeth. Now, when I comes back in, I wants to see your teeth right. (*Goes out. Stenographer stands thinking of what he has said. He returns through the same door.*)

JANITOR: Why, howdy, Miss Richards. You-all musta got out bright and early this mawnin. Ain't it grand to have a whole fine day like this to look forward to?

STENOGRAPHER: Why, hello, Tom! (Laughing.) You're always cheerful. Don't you ever have any troubles at home to make you wish you'd—

TOM: Trouble? Lawdy, honey, trouble's my twin brother. Wouldn't it be a funny thing if the good Lord had give me the strength He did, and then didn't give me nuthin to try that strength on? What'd be the use of that? 'Cose I got troubles, but I don't bring 'em down hyer with me. My troubles is my own pussonal property, and when Mistuh Lamson hired me, he jest hired one nigger, and nuthin wuz said about my personal property. This is his office, not mine. Here's the place to work on his troubles, not mine. Hyer comes one of 'em right now!

[Enter policeman. Seeing lady in room, he doffs his cap. Papers flutter to the floor, which Tom, the janitor, quickly scrambles after and restores, nervously brushing them off as he does so.]

POLICEMAN (after thanking TOM and rather mollified by TOM's courtesy): Good morning, folks!

BOTH: Good morning!

POLICEMAN: Is Mr. Lamson in?

TOM: No-suh, Boss! He's right smart behind hand this mawnin, and, believe me, it's somethin' superordinary when he ain't hyer by this time. He's the ontimest man you ever seen, Boss. He—

POLICEMAN: Yes, it looks like this might be an unusual morning. I've got a summons here for him to appear in court. I tried to arrest him last night—

TOM: Jiminy Criminy!!

POLICEMAN: —but he was going too fast. I'll tell you what we'll do. You tell him to call up Judge Hampton the minute he comes in. Judge will tell him what's what.

TOM: Yessuh, Boss. I'll shorely explicate the impohtance of them words. Must you be goin'? (At the same time he nervously hurries him out.)

(TO MISS RICHARDS): Lawdy, honey, it shore took the edge off of his tongue when I hustled round and gethered up them papers. It sutlinly proves that he profits most who serves best. Um-m-m, boy! Hot dog! I wuz in fer one whale of a razzin, and I'd a got it, too, effen he hadn't been obliged to take off his cap 'count of you. That give me a fine oppertoonty to do my stuff, and I shore done it with enthoosiasm.

STENOGRAPHER: Tom, weren't you dreadfully scared?

TOM: No-o-o, you wouldn't exactly call it scared. I wuz disorganized. They's been several circumstances circumstantiated around hyer tolluble recently that I wuzn't jest 'zackly rarin' to elucidate in the ears of a policeman. When I wuz a-getherin up them papers I wuz jest axin' myself: Tom, you black

fool you, would you rather ride or walk to the jail? And I jest answers back: I don't give a dern which.

STENOGRAPHER: Well, how did you feel when you found it wasn't you he was after?

TOM: Why then I jest nacherly felt disgusticated to think you and me wuz workin fer a crook that would git himself mixed up wid de police. Dawg-gone it! Who'da thunk it?

[Enter Mr. Lamson, briskly, tossing his overcoat and hat to Tom as he goes.]

LAMSON: Hello, folks! Fine morning, isn't it? Everything all right, Tom?

TOM: Well, 'tis and 'taint. I'm all right, but I ain't so darned shore about you-all.

LAMSON: What's up, Tom? (Tom looks at his watch.) Oh, I see you looking at your watch. I am a little late, but I was out later than usual last night.

TOM: So I understand.

LAMSON: You understand? How do you happen to know where I was last night?

TOM: I don't know nothin about whar you wuz, but I do know right smart about whar you nearly wuz, and wuz you whar you nearly wuz, you wouldn't be whar you is now.

LAMSON: What in the world are you talking about? Now, Tom, you mustn't think that just because you've been here longer than anybody else—

TOM: Nev' mind about that, Mr. Lamson. I done heard all that before, and even sooner'n that. Your Pa used to talk the same way. You jest hold your hosses until I gits this yer telephone number, and you'll find out whar you nearly wuz last night better'n I kin tell it.

(Tom quarrels with the telephone operator, and finally gets number leben double seben.) (To the party on the line): Yes ma'am, that's who I wanted. No, oh no! I don't want to talk to him uttall. I'se jest callin for my boss. (To Lamson) Hyah you is, Boss. Now Lawd have mercy on you!

LAMSON: Hello! This is Henry Lamson speaking. Is there some one there wanting me?—Oh, yes. Good morning, Judge!—How's that?—Oh, he reported me, did he?—Yes, I saw him trying to stop me, but I simply could

not stop just then.—Well, it was this way, Judge. I'm playing big brother to a little fellow over at the Crippled Children's Hospital, and I got a telephone call about midnight that he was very sick, and was asking for me. I just had to get to him the quickest way I could. I'm sorry about the officer, and all that. You know how it is, Judge.—Sure!—Oh, yes, he's all right now. The Rotary Club had some of those little chaps out to a picnic yesterday, and there wasn't any limit on the peanuts and pop, and I guess he was just on a little crippled kid's spree.—You bet your life he's my pal. Some kid! Oh, yes, I rubbed his sore spot a while, and pretty soon he was off to sleep. Come over and see him some time. Maybe I'll let you adopt him.—Honest? Well, I'll be right over and we'll go out and see him. Yeh, we'll talk it over on the way. That's fine. Good-bye! (Turning to Tom): Now, you old rascal, are you satisfied? You thought I was off on a wild tear last night, didn't you? You see, it's all right to break a few minor rules once in a while if you can show that you were engaged in a little bit of unselfish service.

TOM: Yassuh, but I know all-fired well what woulda happened to me ef they'd a caught me racin down Main Street like that. They'd a been one coon behind the bars this mawnin shore nuff. You all (Cont'd on page 57)



Tom: "Ask me. I done wore out one pair of specs lookin' fer his lost balls. Lady Golf and him ain't on speakin' terms."

# The Host Club Executive Committee

Sixteenth Annual  
Rotary Convention  
Cleveland, Ohio-June, 15 to 19

"We are but nine out of 370 members of Cleveland Rotary who are working over-time—all motivated by the glow of welcome their hearts and hands will extend world-wide Rotary next June."—  
Chairman Miller.



Robert E. Vinson



Clifford E. Pierce



Clarence J. Neal



Arch C. Klumph



Geo. A. Miller  
~ Chairman ~



Clarence H. Collings



A. J. Kennedy



Geo. Thesmacher



John R. Bentley



# Cleveland—and Dreams

By GEORGE H. MILLER

*President, The Rotary Club of Cleveland, Ohio.*

*Chairman, Host Club Executive Committee, Sixteenth Annual Convention of Rotary International.*



An aeroplane view of the business and industrial center of Cleveland, Ohio, where the next Rotary convention will be held June 15 to 19. The great bridge spans the Cuyahoga River and neck of the peninsula and is 2,880 feet long, has two levels, and cost \$5,407,000.

**D**O YOU believe in dreams?

Do you believe that a thought wave, developed in a dream and thus given impulse by a person remote both in time and place from another person, can find lodgement in the mind of that other person, be increased in volume and carried down through years to more and more people and finally be definitely and materially expressed in tremendous achievement?

Sounds rather involved—but you get my meaning—a man or woman has a dream of something wonderful and another man or woman who never knew and is far away from the first receives the impulse of that dream and adds to it and as time goes on more and more people get it—so that at times there are people all over the world dreaming it at the same time. And then all of a sudden the dream comes true!

If you believe in dreams—as I do in the particular dream I intend telling you about—you will have no difficulty in following me to this point. But I

want you to take a step farther. I'd like to have you believe in two dreams. Dreams as different as day is from night. Starting at different places, with different people, and at different times. And then coming together in a single realization.

General George Washington of Virginia was the first man I know of to dream one of these dreams. He was looking over a map one day and happened to notice the rather peculiar twistings and windings of the Cuyahoga River where it emptied into Lake Erie. He didn't know anything about the Cuyahoga River. But he had a very wonderful mind. And I can see him now, removing his specs and looking into space and conjuring in his mind a vision of what the uniting of these two bodies of water meant. He dreamed of a great city rising up at that particular place because of the location—because of the convenience of transportation. How do I know Washington dreamed all this? Because it made such a very great impression on his mind that he spoke of it. He didn't

know anything about the coal fields of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia at that time. He didn't know anything about the limestone quarries of Ohio. He didn't know anything about the wonderful Lake Superior iron deposits. But he did know quite a bit about the trend of civilization up to his day and he knew what a gregarious animal man is. He knew mankind collected in large groups when there was the slightest opportunity for it. And he knew that nature had provided the opportunity for one of these groups to form at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. And all this impressed him so much that he spoke of it—not once but several times. There are records to show that.

And then in the state of Connecticut was another man—far removed from General Washington—much farther than California is from Virginia today. This man's name was Moses Cleaveland. With two companions he started out to explore that part of the western continent of America, which Connecticut claimed as its Western Reserve. You know most of the original thirteen

states claimed territory west of them and all of them save Connecticut disposed of their rights. Connecticut did not. She held on to her Western Reserve, as she called it. And Moses Cleaveland and two others made the hazardous journey to look it over. Cleaveland had a dream. It was a vague sort of a dream. He believed that there was a fortune in the great western empire—the great unknown—awaiting someone who would claim it. And he proposed to look it over and see if there was any portion of it that he could claim. And so he and his two companions journeyed west.

When they came to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, Moses Cleaveland had his dream. And he backed it up by investing his money in it when the State of Connecticut sold the Western Reserve to settlers. The State of Connecticut realized three millions of dollars from that sale and set that sum aside as a perpetual endowment for education of the settlers in the reserve. And the Western Reserve University grew out of that endowment—which is still intact, by the way. But that is another story that comes in at another place.

Moses Cleaveland got the impulse of George Washington's dream when he saw in actual fact what Washington had seen on the map. And he bought

a large share of that land at an approximate price of forty cents an acre and built the first house. Others came and built houses and the city of Cleveland started to grow. That is as far as Moses Cleaveland carried his dream. He saw a large city growing—because he started it.

And then coal was dug out of the bowels of the earth in Pennsylvania—but a few miles to the east; also in Virginia—now West Virginia—but a few miles to the southeast. And then iron ore was brought out of the earth in Pennsylvania. And men in Pennsylvania and Virginia began to dream dreams. Searching about for limestone with which to smelt the ore they first found it in Virginia—and then someone discovered that the back yard of the city of Cleveland was solid limestone and the men of Cleveland began to dream. With the dreams of the men of Pennsylvania and of Virginia this dream of the men of Cleveland was joined.

AGAIN there was developed a dream—this time in the State of New York. Some man glanced at the map of New York. He saw the great harbor of New York City and the majestic Hudson. He followed the line of the Hudson to Albany and then his eyes strayed to the great lakes—those five

immense inland seas. He saw that there was but a short distance straight across the state of New York to the second of these seas—Erie. And so he dreamed the plans for the Erie canal—the waterway that would permit the easy and economical flow of imports and exports to the great western empire.

You're beginning to see the point—I think. You're beginning to see what I'm driving at—the meaning of all these dreams—different dreams—far removed in time and place and purpose from one another. And yet all coming together in one dream—a great dream—the City of Cleveland, Ohio. The city where Rotary International will have its annual "at home" next June—the fifth city in the United States in point of population. But the first city we hope all Rotarians are thinking about—because that brings us to the final part of this dream—my part and yours.

Everyone of you has dreamed about holding a convention of Rotary International somewhere that would be easy of access to most of the Rotary clubs. Get your map and see if you were not dreaming of Cleveland and didn't know it. Seven great railroads deliver passengers at Cleveland from every trunk line on the American continent. Lines of steamers (Continued on page 62)



The interior of Cleveland's new Public Auditorium, where the Rotary Convention will be held in June. It was built at a cost of \$6,500,000, has a seating capacity of over twelve thousand people, and is the last word in modern facilities for handling a great convention.





## AMONG OUR LETTERS

"Oh! nature's noblest gift - my gray goose quill!"

BYRON.



### Women and Rotary

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

AS the happy wife of a Rotarian may I say a few words anent the friendly controversy about admitting women to membership?

The business women will say that I am a jealous cat—I do not mean to be—but I do feel that those of us who strive unselfishly to keep our hearths clean of scandal nowadays—and our babies surrounded by intelligent care and love, do perhaps merit consideration from your wonderful organization, for most Rotarians seem to be happy "home" men.

My objection—or view—is this: I am enthusiastic about Rotary and encourage my husband in every Rotary activity. I admire the type of man who is susceptible to the call for service which Rotary demands. I heartily endorse the good citizenship it inspires. I love the delightful clean fun and decent camaraderie of its luncheons but—my admiration, interest, and enthusiasm might be tinged with uneasiness if I knew that all of this constructive intimacy, emotional uplift, and good fellowship, which in clubs of one sex quite naturally levels many barriers of reserve, was being shared by women other than the wives of the Rotarians. We are men and women before we are altruists, you know. Is that petty and unworthy? I'm not suspicious especially but when one perhaps is overburdened with the infinite home cares and unromantic drudgery of even the dearest home on earth—sweeping, dusting, ironing, cooking, etc., isn't it quite human to resent the idea that some freshly groomed, bright gay woman is animatedly discussing and enjoying mutual interests with the man for whom you are doing the home duties?

Now, I'm not old, not terribly homely, nor especially frumpy, and I have everything heart could wish for—my husband isn't the philandering type—he's clean and fine—so my view hasn't an injured slant at all. It's just how I think Rotarians' wives would feel—not at all heroic or noble but just humanly unhappy and uncomfortable.

Every Rotary ideal could be successfully carried out in clubs of women. I am a club woman and know that it could be done and done well and I'm quite sure more homes would stay happier!

A ROTARIAN'S WIFE.

IN this "open forum" department this month there appear two or three letters discussing the subject of "Women and Rotary" which have been selected from those which have been received bearing on this question.

All letters presented in this department of THE ROTARIAN are expressions of personal opinion and the Editors and Publishers do not assume responsibility for the viewpoints expressed.

### Women and Rotary

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

I OFTEN envy the men whom I see hurrying to Rotary Club on Monday and wish that I might be a member of a similar organization. It was, therefore, with unusual interest that I read the article "Women and Rotary" in THE ROTARIAN.

Before allowing women to adopt the name Rotary for their clubs, I believe Rotarians should consider the subject carefully and only grant its use under definite conditions. In the large cities, I think successful clubs could be organized for women, but in the smaller towns, I do not think there are enough professional and business women to form a club. In my own town there are about seventy men in the Rotary club, doctors, lawyers, ministers, and business men. When I think of the women doctors and merchants and welfare workers here, I can't imagine their singing Rotarian songs or putting any spirit into Rotarian meetings. Should stenographers and clerical workers be included, a group of bright, lively girls could be found. They would enjoy the weekly luncheon and singing, but for the most part I am afraid they would not enter into the spirit of the organization. As a whole, I do not think women are as interested in their work as men and they are not as democratic. Possibly Rotarian clubs would teach them to be more so. I would like to see them tried out in the big cities.

These comments, I hope, may bring to mind some deeper ones from someone who is considering the subject more carefully.

A BUSINESS GIRL.

### Women and Rotary

IN the November issue of THE ROTARIAN appears an article entitled "Women and Rotary" and you ask for comments. Here is mine: I am young in Rotary but am thoroughly sold on the idea. I believe it has greater possibilities than any other organization in the world today, except the church, and I feel strongly that its privileges should not be denied the business woman.

There are so few women, especially outside the larger cities, who are heads of businesses I doubt the advisability of trying to maintain separate clubs; but would it not be possible for such organizations as the business and professional women's clubs to adopt the objects and rules of Rotary without its classifications, and thereby become identified to some extent with Rotary?

It seems to me that some arrangement that would be of inestimable benefit to business women and Rotary as well, might be worked out.

E. H. COWLES,  
St. Johnsbury, Conn.

### Professional Ethics

IN the December number of THE ROTARIAN there appears a praiseworthy article, headed "Professional Ethics," by Professor C. F. Taeusch. In this paper there is a good deal that is interesting, as well as profitable; but there also occur some statements that seem to indicate, on the part of the professor, lack of acquaintance with some of the things of which he ventures to write. Reference is especially made to what he says about the 'professional secrets' of the doctor. Being myself a practitioner of medicine, I felt that Mr. Taeusch had seemed to take for granted several things that were both untrue of, and unjust to, the medical man. Only two of these points, however, really seem worthy of discussion; and to quote them in reverse order, they are:

1. "Just what amount of activity can the medical fraternity afford to exert along the line of hygiene and sanitation to prevent the very condition of sickness and disease which generates the need for cures and alleviation?"

In this paragraph, particularly, I am sure Professor Taeusch has overreached the bounds of his information. Could he have been only a little acquainted with the teachings of modern



medicine, he would readily have seen the fallacy and injustice of such an insinuation. Every man who is at all familiar with medical teaching of today knows that the very key to progress in that science is *prevention*, rather than cure. Better hygiene and sanitation—with eradication of disease as the goal—are being vigorously crammed down the throats of a people, in the main, indifferent to them. If Professor Taeusch's contact with the medical profession's work and personnel has made him regard physicians in the light his question would seem to indicate, he must have fallen in with someone unworthy the title authorized by his degree. Knowledge that will help preserve the health of the people is nobody's secret—least of all, the doctor's. As proof of this, I should like to cite Mr. Taeusch to the fact that any medical man who elaborates a better method of treatment, or designs a new type of surgical instrument, immediately passes it on to his colleagues, without any thought of personal gain. His whole incentive is to find more efficient means of alleviating human suffering.

2. "A doctor, for example, may be approached by the prospective spouse of one of his clients and asked regarding the physical condition of the latter."

Here Mr. Taeusch has raised a point that has several aspects. He failed, however, to note that in such a case the condition is in no sense the *doctor's* secret, except for the fact that his work makes him an unwilling confidante of his patient in this unsavory matter. The whole interest of the physician is in averting the disaster that outraged Nature would justly bring to pass; and his relationship to the causative event is, without qualification, an entirely impersonal one. He had no part in the affair, and no volition in its determination. Therefore he has no secret in the matter. If the individual choose to give his prospective bride the lie; or if false modesty prevent her from talking frankly to her husband-to-be about this condition which will mean so much to her, is the doctor to be asked to bear the blame—and that in addition to the risk and unpleasantness involved in his effort to help the man back to health?

Physicians, in general, are striving quite as earnestly as any other class to live the plan of "Service Above Self." And so far as making any effort to dispose of their difficulties—"by any 'arm chair' philosophy, or empty metaphysics," as Mr. Taeusch infers, they are far too busy in the struggle to meet the constant calls upon their energy and vitality. They must, perforce, leave theorizing to their friends whose minds run in such channels.

L. W. OAKS, M. D.,

Provo, Utah

### A Business Man's Suggestion to a Business Man's Club

WHEN a thought is offered by a Rotarian of whom it may be truthfully said that upon many occasions he has been the "anchor to windward" that kept Rotary "off the rocks" in the early days, then that thought should be given the most careful consideration by all Rotarians. It is with this idea in mind that I would call attention to such a thought recently offered by such a Rotarian in his advertisement in "The Gyrator," the publication of the Chicago Rotary Club.

First: I believe with Harry L. Ruggles that we must have *more business in Rotary* and that when a man calls himself a Rotarian he should have sufficient vision to see a way through which to justify his membership in Rotary, and having seen the light, he should do something tangible toward the betterment of his trade or profession. Therefore every Rotary club should have a hard and fast rule compelling the individual member to submit a survey at stated intervals of say once or twice a year, at which time the

### ON THE ROAD TO MONTERREY

THE Rotarians of the United States and Canada are urged to keep in mind that one of the most interesting of the district conferences to be held in 1925 is the one which is scheduled for Monterrey, Mexico, the 2d and 3rd of March. This will be the first real district conference of Rotary Clubs in Mexico, and the Monterrey fellows are making elaborate preparations to prove their capability as hosts.

Monterrey is a beautiful and attractive city, perhaps the most typical of modern Mexico. It is only a comparatively short distance from the United States border. It is greatly desired that a couple of hundred Canadian and American Rotarians from all parts of these two countries shall assemble at Monterrey for this conference and give the Mexican Rotarians a good, warm, strong, helping hand with their conference and with the development of Rotary in "La Republica de Mexico."

After the conference a visit to Mexico City, the ancient capital of the country and to beautiful Guadalajara, Tampico, the oil city, and many other interesting and charming Mexican cities can easily be made.

Mexico is finished with revolutions for a while at least and we hope forever. Railroad travel is safe and comfortable, the people are hospitable, the country is one of charm and romance.

Information regarding the trip from any point can be obtained from local railroad or tourist agents or will be furnished on request to the Rotary Club of Monterrey, or the Headquarters of Rotary International, Chicago.

governing body of the club must determine whether or not the member deserves to represent his trade or profession, and that the membership be automatically terminated if and when it is apparent that nothing constructive has been done by the individual member for his trade or profession.

Second: If we can induce Mr. John Citizen to vote 100 per cent, or nearly so (no matter how he votes) it is only a question of a short time until we will be enjoying better government, because a crooked or even incompetent politician could never make the grade if the choice of all the voters or even 90 per cent of the voters could be determined, and it would be only a question of counting the ballots to get good men into public office were even 90 per cent of the qualified voters to cast their votes at all elections. A very unique and useful plan would be for every Rotary club to organize a committee whose function it would be to have automobiles on the streets all day on every election day; each automobile to have a banner saying "Ride With Us Now to the Polls and Vote for Any Candidate—But Vote Now." Probably less than 55 per cent of all members of Rotary clubs vote at all elections. Ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths of all Rotarians vote every time they get the chance. Please note the distinction.

Third: "Rotary Is Unique." The very fact that Rotary is unique automatically suggests that our club activities should also be unique. We go along from year to year adding our efforts to many worthy organized charities, and no man can say we do not do great good in that way. But the greater our accomplishment in that line of endeavor the more important it is that we select our own particular goal or unique activity to look after instead of "feebly duplicating the work of other organizations."

Fourth: "Acquaintance and friendship are easily acquired and are most important in the scheme for universal peace and brotherhood." Lack of space precludes the possibility of doing justice to this, but because of the truth of the thought it should be not only easy, but pleasant to the member to—

(a) Deserve to represent his trade or profession in Rotary;

(b) Help bring about "genuine brotherhood of communities, cities and nations" through untiring civic activities.

(c) Help Rotary find the unique objective and then help reach that goal.

If any Rotary Club has in its constitution or by-laws any clause forbidding the political activity suggested above, the quicker that clause is eliminated from the records, the better.

C. V. EARLL,

Chicago, Ill.

# COMMENT ABOUT BOOKS

## The Way to the Best

By Miles H. Krumbine

**M**EN, busy men, will listen to sermons gladly in these modern days, if the sermons are interesting. And the sermons in Miles Krumbine's new volume, "The Way to the Best," published by Geo. H. Doran Company, New York, are all of that.

Here are sermons that tell the truth in its modern phrases, for truth appears from age to age in new robes. We grow tired of old words and old formulas and thereby miss the truth; but the phraseology of our own times, when it captures a living truth, makes us stop, look, and listen.

Not only are the old and tried truths expressed in new ways but the new truths, so abundantly furnished by our science are likewise attractively presented in this volume. Mr. Krumbine lays hold of the findings of psychology, sociology, economics; he proves that religion and open mindedness are thoroughly compatible. He advises us to think the best, to give our lives a dominant purpose and to make religion count for the socially insignificant. All this is sound psychology, sound sociology, and sound religion.

These sermons make the present valuable, but do not belittle the past; neither do they glorify the past beyond its merits. Now is the day; this is the hour; live today;—these are the overtones of the sermons.

"The Way to the Best" cries out to us that religion is not mere doctrine, or philosophy, or theory, or institutions, but life. First, last and forever religion is to be judged by the life it produces. The good life is contagious. The real saint is the effective person who brings goodness to pass.

Here is a book for the intellect, for the emotions, and for the body. The whole man is addressed. Religion, accord-

ing to this preacher, must inhere in every activity of men.

These sermons are fearless in their analysis of the modern forms of wrong doing, of missing the mark. Sin, like truth, comes dressed in new garments, but its nature is not changed. Insidious modern temptations are cited interestingly and their true import pictured.

With rare skill, Mr. Krumbine makes his reader feel that the search magnificent is the search for God, but that in the spirit of real democracy each man must find God for himself. As soon as one man attempts to put his label for God on another man, the search is hindered. All men must find God, but no man has a patent on God.

One of the most timely sermons in

print anywhere, and one of the most brilliant and helpful is that on Religion and Sex. Every young person ought to read it. Every mature man and woman ought to read it.

Mr. Krumbine is a leader of youth. The book is dedicated to breaking down the conspiracy against youth. "The Way to the Best" is a call to youth for leadership in these perplexing days.

Rotarians will find a particular message for themselves in this book, written by a fellow-Rotarian. They will find in it a call to the new apostleship—that of the business man. What the business man says goes, these days. If the business man lives the good life, if the business man lives a vital religion, then will religion become a powerful dynamic in this age.—FRANK D. SLUTZ.

## Chemistry in Industry

Edited by H. E. Howe

**T**HE first volume of "Chemistry in Industry," a co-operative work published by the Chemical Foundation, Inc., of New York City, resulted from a desire to encourage thousands of students who wished to write essays. But this is something more than a reference book, it is a symposium of the contribution of chemistry in twenty-one industries, and incidentally a true romance. The patient labor, the risks, the ingenuity, which in two or three centuries have enabled man to do swiftly what nature does slowly—and often imperfectly—these things run like a refrain through the whole book, and are the more notable because they are not unduly emphasized by the specialists in the respective fields. We get a hint of the myriad experiments, both in analysis and in synthesis, and what is more important to youth, we get a hint of fascinating fields still unexplored, of enigmas to fathom and rich rewards to seek.

For the most part the book is simply written. Complex  
(Continued on page 47)



Miles H. Krumbine, pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Dayton, Ohio, is known to readers of "The Rotarian" through his reviews of books which have appeared from time to time in this magazine. His "The Way to the Best" is a collection of timely and forceful sermons. Rotarian Krumbine is a member of the general committee on Religious Education for America, and the founder of a summer school of religious education dealing with religion in its broadest phases, regardless of denominational lines.



# EDITORIAL COMMENT



## Another Anniversary

FIRST founded in February, 1905, Rotary has another birthday this month. Twenty years ago Rotary comprised a small group of men meeting together frequently in Chicago. That small group increased in size. As it increased physically the "idea" grew mentally. Fellowships deepened to friendships. Soon a member carried the idea to the Pacific coast; another planted the seed of Rotary across the boundary into Winnipeg; another organized a similar group on the Atlantic coast; then to the old world—to the Orient—until today in more than eighteen hundred Rotary clubs in twenty-eight countries men of the ancient mysterious East clasp hands with their brothers of the newer Western world. Literally, not figuratively, for if the reader could but stand on a magic carpet and look upon a great composite picture of the hundreds of Rotary meetings taking place most any weekday on which he happens to be reading this, he would witness that very thing.

With no reference to religious or political creed, but with a firm purpose conceived of Rotary, men the world over are consecrating themselves in those age-old principles for which Rotary is sounding a new voice to the end that humanity may achieve understanding, good will and international peace through a *world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service.*

## The Daily Gulp

BILL JONES is one of the 413 people who ride the 8:05 every day. Every working morning for the last eight years Bill has gulped his coffee, collected a few egg kisses, struggled into his wraps and bolted for the little wind-swept station. Usually he gets there in time to see the train come round the bend—sometimes in time to see its tail-light disappearing round another bend.

Once on board, Bill hides himself behind his newspaper much after the manner of the other 412 human ostriches. For twenty minutes he gulps headlines instead of coffee, and presently arrives at his desk fully convinced that he knows something about what the world is doing. As a matter of fact he really knows little except this one day's sensation, and most of that will be wiped out tomorrow by a fresh sensation. Nevertheless Bill has opinions about a lot of things—and the less time he thinks he has to read the more firmly he clings to his opinions.

Bill believes that all Chinamen run laundries and make poor citizens when transplanted to any other than their native soil; that all Greeks run restaurants and shoe-shine parlors; that all Americans "do"

Westminster Abbey in five minutes; that all politicians are crooked; and that the organizations to which he belongs are the foundation piles on which the world was built. If you challenge any of his beliefs he gets belligerent and talks about 100-per cent citizenship.

And all this explains why Bill has had to catch the 8:05 every morning for eight years. Some of Bill's old friends who used to make the same train are now taking the 9:10—or possibly waiting for Sam to bring the car around. Later they will take the 4:01 for the country club. But these men are not content with a daily headline—they want facts. Also these men are not so positive in their opinions as Bill is. Bill thinks these fellows have a pull—they have—they did the pulling themselves.

Bill is not an institution of any one country exclusively; you can find his kind in any land. Wherever you find them they are busy proving that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing—but not making any effort to get more understanding.

## A Lack of Consideration

MEN who belong are proud of their membership in Rotary. It is a commendable pride if held modestly and with consciousness that *noblesse oblige*. It has made for the *esprit de corps* of the organization. However, the possession of it is being threatened. Efforts are being made to undermine and destroy it. These things are being done by those who try to capitalize a Rotarian's pride in his organization. Usually they do it in order to sell something to the member or to get a contribution out of him. It is rank commercialization of something which most men wish to hold sacred.

## Snow-drifts

THIS is the time when the streets of North American cities are at their worst. The asphalt is a gleaming black ribbon splashed with little iridescent pools of oil, and through the murky haze the jostling pedestrians make painful progress on the slippery sidewalks. At the edge of these sidewalks lies the accumulated snow, every drift blackened with the soot of many chimneys. The shivering pedestrians, sloshing through the streets, can hardly wait till a kindly sun shall permit that stained snow to hide its shame in the gutter.

Yet somewhere beneath the blackened crust of every city snow-drift there lies a mass of dazzling white crystals, such a mass as caused Ruskin to remark that a sun-flushed snow-drift was the most beautiful thing in Nature.

So, beneath all the stains and shames of life, there lies something better, something which we can find if we want to. But it is so much easier to see only the crust of things, and mankind is always in a hurry to get from one slippery platitude to another.





## ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES



*HERE you can walk over to Main Street, drop in at the sign of the Rotary flag, get your guest's badge, and make yourself at Home! The fellows are always glad to see you and to learn what your club is doing, and while you bend elbows over the luncheon table they will tell you about the best club in the best town in the best country in the World!*

### 25,000 Boys Parade During Week

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Now that some figures are available, it is easier to understand just how large an undertaking was handled by the Rotary Club of Sydney during September. The club set out to raise approximately \$50,000 for the formation and equipment of a branch of the Boys' Brigade. They raised that amount—and more.

Under the direction of the school teachers were many spectacular features of the week. No fewer than seventeen school processions brought a total of 25,000 boys into line behind the bands. The boys marched to various centers where suitable addresses were delivered by Rotarians.

The climax of the week was reached with a fine exhibit of boys work representing every phase of boyhood activities.

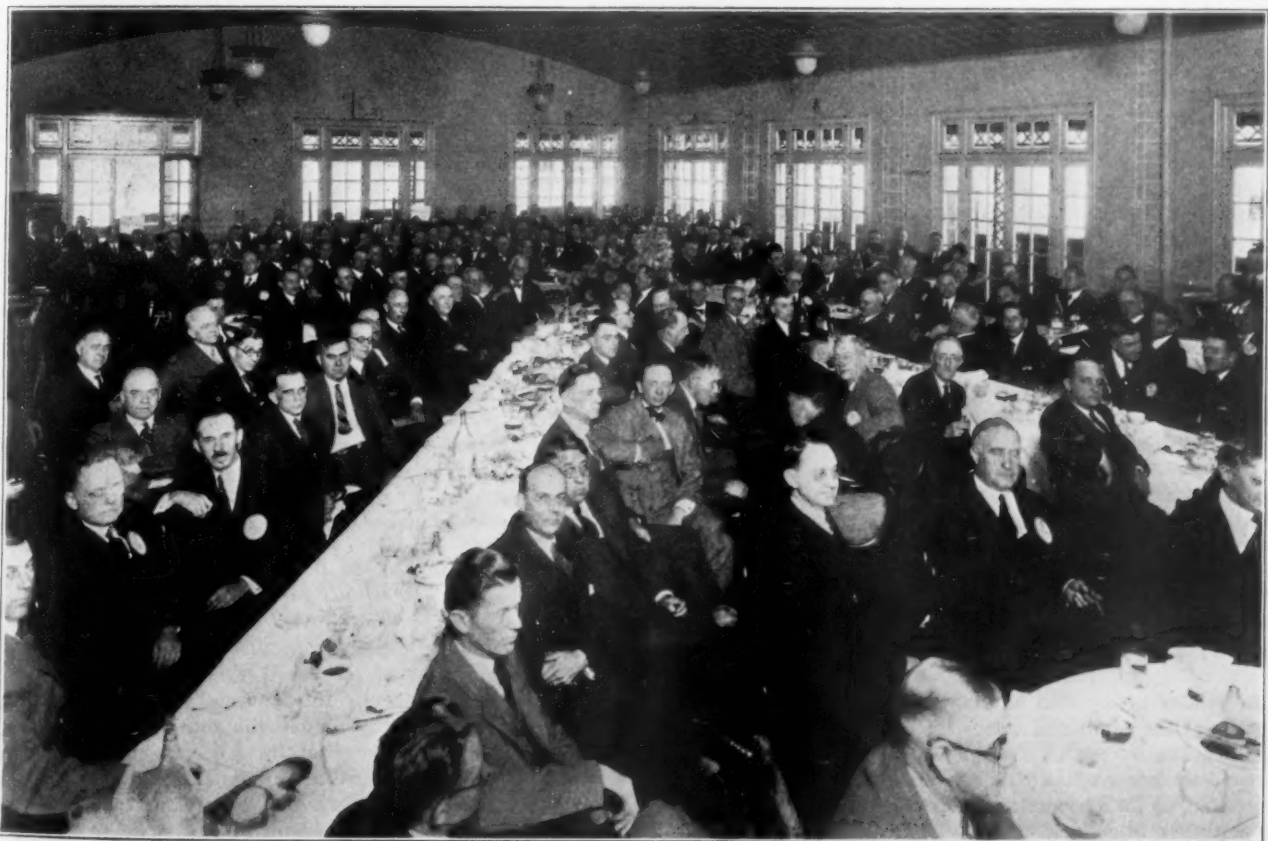
This week's program has aroused deep interest in the community—an interest which the club will keep alive.

### The Color of the Card Means Something

HARTFORD, CONN.—The attendance committee of this club thought that many good ideas come from the public schools—and finding that the schools were using red, white, or blue cards in reports of pupils' health, the committee adapted the scheme to their own problem. Accordingly every Hartford Rotarian is notified of his quarterly at-

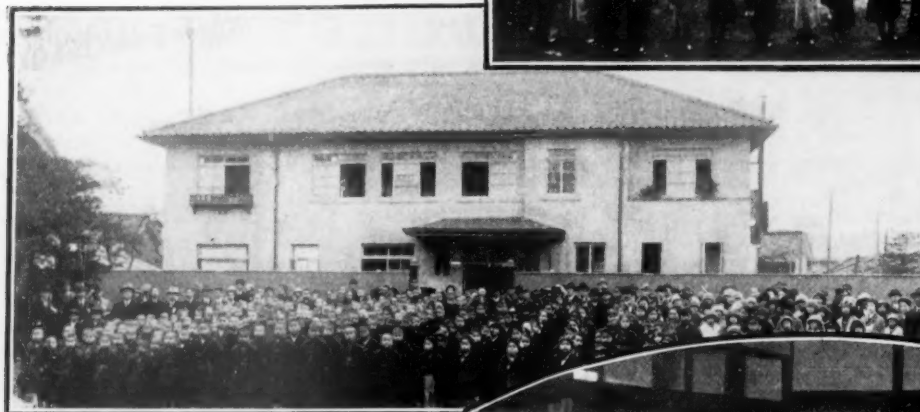
tendance record by the use of white, blue, and red cards. The white card goes to the 100 per cent men and bears the message "Congratulations." The blue card goes to those above 70 per cent and says "Try for a white card." The red one goes to those with less than 70 per cent and says tersely "Dangerous." The right-hand margin of the card is marked with 100 per cent, 70 per cent and 60 per cent, arranged one above the other and a big arrow emphasizes the point of attendance reached. At the bottom of the card is the attendance rule of Rotary International.

Apropos of attendance in this club, John Mahar was recently presented with a pin in recognition of his three



When the Rotary Club of Nashville, Tennessee, held this, the first 100 per cent meeting in its eleven years, it won a highly exciting attendance contest with Louisville, Kentucky. Nashville now ranks among the few clubs of 200 members that have had such a meeting. The statistics sleuths could have a good time figuring out the chances of holding such a meeting, taking into consideration sickness, business, accidents, and all other things liable to interfere with such an achievement.

These pictures were taken during the dedication ceremonies of the Rotary Home, built by the Rotary Club of Tokyo, for orphans, with part of the relief funds raised by Rotary International after the disastrous Japanese earthquake. At the right, the 430 orphans are shown forming a living Rotary emblem and bearing a set of flags presented to Tokyo Rotary by an American Rotarian.



At left is a view of the Rotary Home with the children marshalled in front of it. Rotarians and their families turned out in large numbers for the dedication. The home was carefully built by a Rotarian contractor and special precautions were taken to strengthen and protect it against earthquake and fire.

In the oval you see a section of the audience as they listened to the musical programs which followed the formal presentation of the Home and the reference to the relief work and the appreciative comments by the superintendent. The thoughtful program committee had provided an entertainment that was eagerly listened to by the youthful proteges of the Tokyo Rotarians.



consecutive years of 100 per cent attendance. Before he came to Hartford he had four and a quarter years of perfect attendance in a New York State club, so that altogether he has some seven and a half years of perfect attendance at Rotary meetings.

### **1,200 People Visit Sunshine Camp During Season**

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.—This club is concentrating on crippled children's work. From June 30 till August 30 the Sunshine Camp was maintained, and an average of 57 children played by the shores of Lake Ontario. The children were taken to camp every Monday morning and brought back home for the week ends, Rotarians furnishing the automobiles used. Ten adults were in charge of the camp, and under the care of the cooks, nurses, teachers, and playground instructors, the children gained in weight on an average of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. Over 1,200 interested persons visited the camp during the season.

Besides the Sunshine Camp the club maintains a Convalescent Hospital for children who have undergone opera-

tions. Specially selected nurses do their best to make the children comfortable and happy. Each little patient has a number of Rotarian "daddies" who visit the hospital as often as possible. On Christmas morning the Rotarians and their wives came in numbers—bringing Santa Claus with them. Last year the club appropriated \$18,000 for the work, \$13,500 for the hospital and the balance for Sunshine Camp.

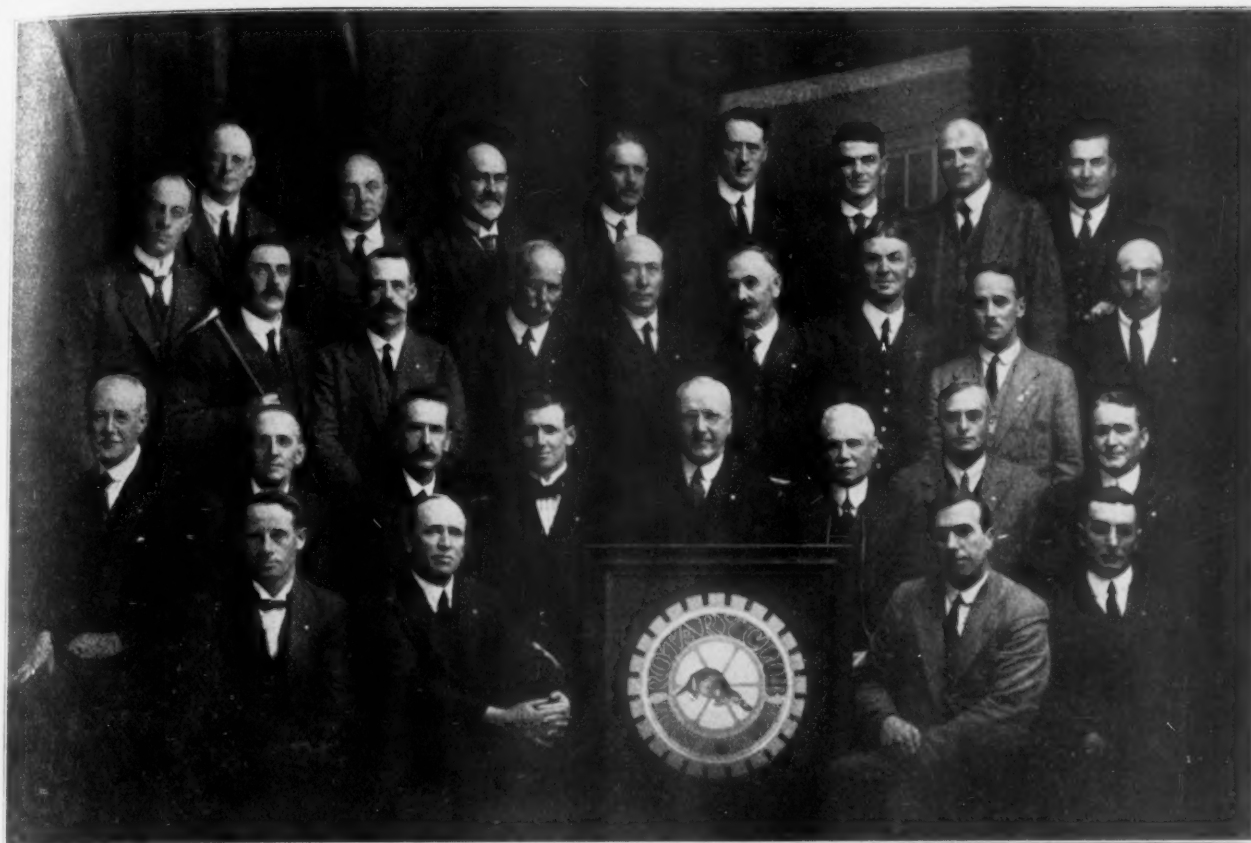
### **Five Hundred Cripples Enjoy Party**

DETROIT, MICH.—We have already referred to the many parties given by the Rotary clubs at Christmas time. Prominent among these was the annual affair for crippled children given by Detroit Rotary. More than five hundred children enjoyed the vaudeville, the Christmas tree, the Santa Claus, and more than \$1,000 worth of gifts were distributed including 50 dozen roses and carnations. Some 250 Rotarians and a host of artists, teachers, and other helpers were constantly busy throughout the whole proceedings. A buffet luncheon was served for all these

workers—and then the hotel management turned over to the welfare fund the entire amount Rotarians had paid for their luncheon. Police busses were used to bring the children from the Leland School, the Sigma Gamma clinic, and individual homes. Perhaps if the Marine Band could have witnessed this effort which was for the same cause as the concerts the band gave under the auspices of Detroit Rotary last year, there would have been a crashing of triumphant music.

### **It Can Be Done Without Lotteries**

VANCOUVER, B. C.—We have the following from this club: "In a recent issue of the Weekly Letter to club officers, International Secretary Ches Perry, under the caption of "No, No, Rotary," outlined briefly but forcefully the attitude of the International Board with reference to various questionable methods adopted here and there to raise money. He made it quite plain that the Board did not consider the end as justifying the means and cautioned all and sundry accordi just to



The Rotary Club of Launceston, Tasmania, was elected to membership in August and has about thirty members. At the left, in the third row is F. J. Heyward, sergeant-at-arms; in the second row (seated, third from left) is A. T. Cruikshank, treasurer, and at his left are Gordon B. Rolph, honorary secretary; Dr. John Ramsay, president; and R. L. Parker, vice-president.

strengthen his hand and show the world that money can be raised without objectionable features, the Vancouver club staged a Winter Carnival which netted \$7,200 for the club's service fund. This is considered "not so bad" for a one-night performance, and especially since every cent was raised on bona-fide admissions and seat sale. Not only was there no "game of chance" feature but the supporters were not even asked to subscribe to a "souvenir program."

The program consisted of amateur skating championships duly sanctioned by the Amateur Athletic Union; fancy, trick, and sensational skating by a number of professionals; spectacular skating pageants in costume; a fancy dress contest; and other novelties which gave wide range of events. The Rotary Pageant of Nations contributed by the members of the Connaught Skating Club was a decided hit.

#### *Who Said Thirteen Is Unlucky?*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—On the thirteenth birthday of St. Joseph Rotary a very successful inter-city meeting was held which was attended by Rotarians from Kansas City, Mo.; Kansas City, Kansas; Cameron, Mo.; Ottawa, Leavenworth, and Atchison, Kansas. Four hundred people crowded the dining room

to capacity and every club contributed something to the program, and Governor Hyde sounded the keynote when he pointed out the value of such affairs in stressing the district unit of Rotary.

In the decorations, "13" was used in every way possible. The tables were

divided into sections using 13 candles on each table, 13 seats at each side of the table, and 13 seats at the head table. The table for the 13 past presidents was decorated in black and bore 13 black candles. A large birthday cake with 13 candles was on the stage and just to the right was 13 in electric lights.

#### **FORT WORTH ROTARY BROADCASTS ROTARY MEETING**

A COMMITTEE in charge of Rotarian Bert Tolbert on the night of January 6th "broadcasted" a replica of a regular meeting of the club over Station WBAP from 9:30 to 10:45 p. m. Nearly 100 telegrams and over 100 letters and post cards have been received by the club from Rotarians and others who listened in on the program expressing their appreciation of the entertainment. The secretary intends to answer all of the messages with a personal letter but on account of their large number it will be some time before this can be done. He wishes to express through the columns of THE ROTARIAN the appreciation of every member of the club for the hearty and enthusiastic reception given to the program, and to assure all inquirers for information in regard to our Educational Loan Fund, our fellowship plan called "Rotary Friend.X," our plan for reception of new members, etc., that full details will be supplied at a little later date.

#### *Something New in Theater Tickets*

DAUPHIN, MANITOBA.—One day in January, the Dauphin Rotarians took control of the Dauphin Theater, and made the price of admission an article of clean, well-mended, and wearable clothing for the needy. Everybody helped and the response was very gratifying. They got 600 parcels containing 2,000 good articles which are being distributed through responsible societies. The majority of the clothing goes to outside districts which are only slowly developing.

#### *Another Honorary Membership Conferred*

MOORHEAD, MINN.—At a recent Rotary meeting, S. G. Comstock was made an honorary member, the proposal being made by District Governor Black. Mr. Comstock is one of the pioneers of the Red River Valley and for years was associated with James Hill of the Great Northern. He built a railroad from



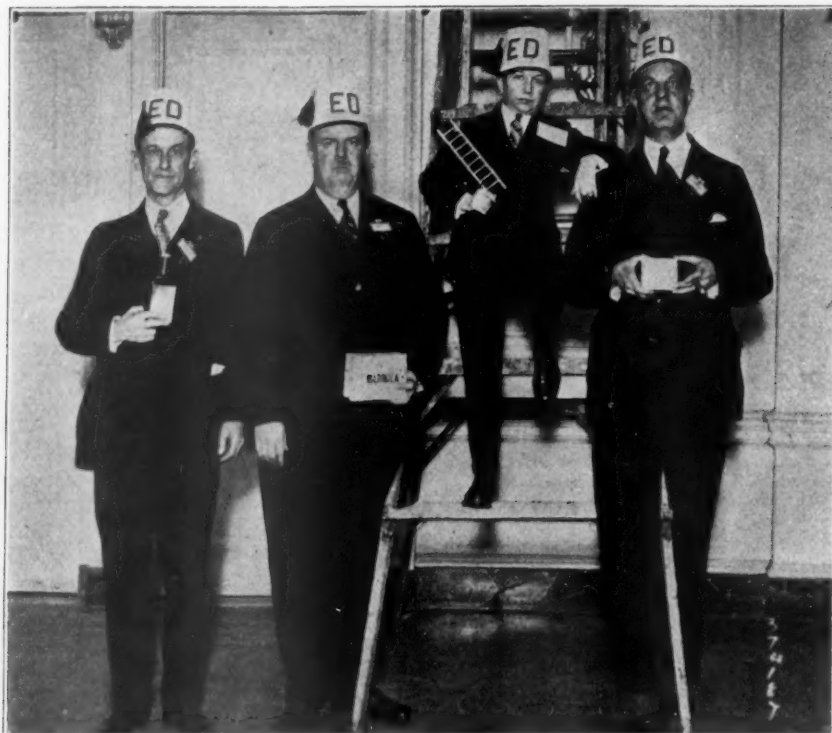


Photo. Underwood &amp; Underwood.

The four prize-winners at the "Ed Day" luncheon of New York Rotary, when President Edward Chalfant led forty other "Eds" in an unusual program. Left to right: Ed Strickland, the thinnest Ed, awarded a bottle of cod-liver oil; Ed Rushmore, club secretary, the fattest, given a well-known reducing medicine; Ed McClain, the shortest, with a ladder to use in scratching his ear; and Ed Skillman, the tallest, with a can of "shortening."

Moorhead to Crookston, which road was later taken into the Great Northern system. He also gave the land upon which Teachers College now stands, served his State in the legislature and in Congress, and is still hale and hearty.

At this meeting Miss Ada Comstock, president of Radcliffe College, and daughter of Mr. S. G. Comstock, was the chief speaker. Her talk on "Present Day National Problems" showed how well she has earned her reputation in educational circles. She expressed her appreciation of the honor conferred upon her father and incidentally upon herself.

#### Discover Identity of Second-Mile Companions

WACO, TEXAS.—Some Rotary meetings are far more memorable than others, but the Rotarians of Waco will not easily forget the meeting at which they learned the identity of their Second-Mile Companions—the "unknown friends" who had served them for the last six months. After a fine address on Second-Mile Companionship the members related their experiences with this friendship plan. Some had received gifts for which they were duly grateful, but many of the deepest appreciations were evoked by timely letters which had been received in times of misfortune. Following these talks the members were told to find their Second-Mile Companions and make themselves

known to each other. Surprises were many and the fellowship was the best ever seen in the club. After the introductions, it was appropriate that the club should sing, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Several members caught the idea of the plan for the first time and found it well worthy of future attention. Because of the evident success of the plan it will be repeated next year. It is hard to convey the possibilities of a scheme which must be rather personal in its application, and some of the incidental occurrences cannot well be chronicled.

#### They Said It With Song

CLARION, IOWA.—When this club received its charter recently, 200 guests from Hampton, Algona, Eagle Grove, Iowa Falls, Eldora, Webster City, and Mason City came to help with the launching. The guests found every member of the new club—and every Rotary Ann—waiting to greet them with special songs written by Floyd St. Clair. The Rotary Anns scored another hit with a song in which they had managed to insert the name or nickname of every member of the Clarion club. After Tom Purcell of Hampton, the sponsor; C. H. E. Boardman of Marshalltown; and Dean Peisen of Eldora, had all exercised their oratory the crowd adjourned for a dance.

#### The Attack Is the Best Strategy

CONWAY, ARKANSAS.—Local Rotarians made it a "merry" Christmas for Dr. Burr W. Torreyson, their president, who is also president of the Arkansas State Teachers College. Realizing his great desire to have this institution properly recognized at the next



This group of Rotarians and their wives was snapped on board R. M. S. P. "Arcadian" when that boat was off North Cape, Norway. Considering that the picture was taken by the light of the midnight sun it is unusually clear. In the upper row are (left to right) Rotarian W. S. Ashton, Blackpool, England; Rotarian H. D. Hemmens, Elgin, Ill.; Rotarian R. W. Craig, Phoenix, Ariz.; Rotarian John H. Lontz, Richmond, Ind.; and Rotarian George H. Roos, Oakland, Cal. In the lower row (left to right): Mrs. George H. Roos, Mrs. John H. Lontz, Mrs. W. A. Ashton, Captain E. Clarke, R. D., R. N. R., and Mrs. R. W. Craig.



San Pedro (California) Rotarians enjoyed an unusual meeting when Rotarian Edgar Thompson, Pacific fleet surgeon, arranged for a program following an invitation extended by Admiral Robinson, Rear-Admiral L. A. Bostwick, and other officers of the Pacific battle fleet. A sub-chaser took the members and guests out to the flagship "California", and on the way the visitors were delighted to note the thirty-seven ships of various

nations in the harbor. Once on board the Rotarians and Rotary Anns were royally entertained by the officers and the crew of 1500. Much interesting information was exchanged in the talks by Rotarians and sailors, and the very successful meeting closed with a demonstration of plane-launching from the deck, an exhibition drill by the sailors, an inspection of the great dreadnaught, and the taking of such pictures as this one.

session of the State Legislature, the program committee palmed off a minister, the Rev. H. H. Hunt, as a representative-elect. At the luncheon given the Rotarians at Teachers College, Mr. Hunt launched into a bitter attack on the institution. At the proper moment Burr was given a chance to reply and in the midst of his convincing response the hoax was exposed. Before this travesty, another minister had left the room in a simulated fury because of the "dessert," and Burr had a hard time persuading him to return!

The faculty of the college gave the

Rotarians a fine lunch, and all who attended gained an insight of the workings of the institution.

#### Another Suggestion for the Clubs

DENVER, COLO.—An attractive program tells the possibilities of the annual Christmas Carol Service inaugurated some three years ago by this club. They gather about twenty of the very best choir singers of the city, furnish them with vestments, and have them march into the dining-room carrying lighted candles and singing a processional. The lights are dimmed im-

mediately after the luncheon and the candle-light effect is seen to advantage. After the processional the choir gives a program of carols, and finishes with the recessional. This annual song service has come to be eagerly anticipated by the Rotarians and their wives.

#### Urges Personal Service in Back-to-School Work

AURORA, ILL.—This editorial from the *Elgin Daily Courier* is self-explanatory: "Fred B. Shearer of the Rotary Club of Aurora had a good thought. In every city, and, by the way, we do not believe Elgin is an exception, there is the youth who is determined to give up his high-school work, believing that he has acquired sufficient education. Mr. Shearer's idea as disclosed at a recent Rotary meeting in Elgin, is for Rotarians to obtain a list of these young people from the superintendent of schools and then take it upon themselves to arrange for an interview. A heart-to-heart talk by some one outside of the family is sure to have good effect, and the listless young man is apt to be convinced that a complete high-school education is something that will prove of inestimable value in later years. The idea is good enough to be adopted more widely."



Four of these signs erected on principal highways serve as a "reception committee" to welcome visitors to Warren, Ohio. Peeking over the sign you see (left to right): Club Directors Lynn Dana, Jim Fraser, President Fritz Loomis, Secretary "Chief" Olds, and directors Van Gorder and Charlie Loveless. "If your city is worth living in, it is worth boosting," they will tell you.



Amongst the Christmas parties reported by some five-and-twenty clubs we might call attention to this community Christmas tree at Miami, Florida. This is the second such affair sponsored by Miami Rotary, and this time 6,000 children enjoyed the entertainment and received gifts. The cost was borne by voluntary contributions.

### ***Resigns—and Is Made Honorary Member***

VALPARAISO, IND.—The Rotary Club of Valparaiso recently received the resignation of a charter member and past-president, Lewis E. Myers. The resignation was necessitated by his travels in the extension of his varied interests, which will prevent him from continuing as an active member. After reluctantly accepting the resignation the club elected him to honorary membership because of his outstanding service in establishing The Children's Foundation, an organization which is having a nation-wide influence in the betterment of child life.

### ***A Small Club With Big Ambitions***

BESSEMER, ALA.—The local club has 42 members and a thirst for public enterprise. Its average attendance was

90 per cent for the year and Rotary Education is in safe and sane hands. Business Methods outlines get attention and the Boys Work Committee is trying to have something stirring all the time. This committee raised \$4,000 for the Boy Scouts, and a dozen cabins are now under construction in the camp. The club has provided two scholarships, one in the State College and the other in the Arts School. The recipients are doing fine work and are very appreciative. One hundred per cent of the members of Bessemer Rotary contributed to the local Y. M. C. A. building fund

### ***Tony Smith Has Birthday and a Surprise***

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Three generations of Smiths were there: Anthony W. Smith, Sr., Anthony W. Smith, Jr., vice-president of Rotary International last year, and Anthony W. Smith, III.—

and they say it was the happiest day of Anthony Sr.'s seventy-nine years. The meeting was planned by Stewart C. McFarland—and Tony Smith was absolutely ignored until "Stew" had solemnly read a memorial to a beloved and highly respectable citizen. One of the boys came in and thought that someone had really died! It was something new in birthday parties, first solemnity, then jollification, then a few words of appreciation by Tony's father and himself, and finally a prayer. But it all synchronized beautifully. Tony knew nothing about it till he came in and saw his son and father. Surprises like this sometimes happen to Rotary officials.

### ***The Valley of Kings at Inter-City Meet!***

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—A very successful inter-city meeting was held here which was attended by nearly 300 Rotarians from New Bedford, Fall River, Taunton, Newport, Pawtucket, and Providence. All district governors who have ever had jurisdiction over this section of New England (it having been re-districted twice) were present; Lester Winchenbaugh of Boston, Charlie Lovett of Lynn, Forrest Perkins of Providence, Herb Wilson of Worcester, Bob Hill of Salem, and Dan Sullivan of Fall River. Bill Bamburgh, who was ill, and Willard Lansing (deceased) were the only missing P. D. G.'s. Elmer Hubbard, the present district governor, greeted his predecessors in office. In the afternoon, Fall River captured the trophy offered by Providence in the inter-city bowling match.

### ***Another Contestant For Attendance Championship***

LIVINGSTON, MONT.—And now comes word of another long-distance attender. Edgar Weston of the Livingston club is going on his fifth year of 100 per cent attendance, and since May first, the beginning of the club's fiscal year, he has attended 62 meetings—or an average of 8.8 per month, including 19 clubs in 9 different states. His club would be interested in knowing how this checks with other records.

(Note—Although we have no figures on this at hand, we seem to remember that this record has been beaten for length by a considerable margin. Whether it has been beaten for number of clubs visited in a definite period, we do not know. Perhaps some one would like to write the Livingston club on this point. It would be interesting to find out who holds the long-distance attendance record in each district, or in Rotary International. Or someone with a statistical mind might take the clubs by size and discover which had made the best showing over a number of years.—Ed.)

(Continued on page 50)



# How fifteen minutes' reading made me more money than eight hours' hard work



He gave me a good stiff body blow. You're honest," he said, "and you work hard, but, frankly you're not interesting."

*There is magic in 15 minutes a day—if you know how to use them. The secret is told in a free book; send for it today—now.*



It was a wonderful evening. I heard one man say to another: "Who is that interesting man?"



Leading country clubs choose their members with care. Many a prospective member fails to be elected. Nobody wants to work or play with a dumb-bell.

*Says a prominent business man:*

**I** MADE more money last year than I made in five years before. Yet I did not work any harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had much more time for golf, travel and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea, in many men's minds, that hard work is all that is required for success. Horses do hard work and get nothing but their board. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive, but not by work alone, by discovering a secret that the others could turn to their own advantage if they only would—but they don't.

"I believe I have a right to speak with authority about this, because I have proved everything I say by my own experience. I have increased my earnings more by 15 minutes' reading a day than I ever did by 8 hours' work.

"The secret is very simple. To think straight and talk interestingly

is easy—if you can spare even 15 minutes a day, and will spend those 15 minutes in pleasant, profitable reading along lines recommended by Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

"From his lifetime of reading, study and teaching—forty years of it as President of Harvard University—Dr. Eliot chose a few books for the most famous library in the world; a library which I keep always close to my easy chair, and which is so arranged with notes and reading courses that you can get from it—as I did—the knowledge of literature and life, the culture and the interesting viewpoint which every university strives to give."

You will find below a coupon which will bring you a remarkable little free book that gives the plan, scope and purpose of

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## Service Above Self

## With the Poets

He Profits Most Who Serves Best

A THOUGHT FOR THE  
NEW YEAR

By "SAINT"

THE play is done: the curtain, slow descend-  
ing,  
Completes the story of the year now ending.  
The days of joy; those other days of sorrow  
Are gone; with confidence we face the morrow.

The morrow; what it holds of joy or gladness,  
Of trials and tribulations or of sadness  
Are mercifully hidden; yet the vision  
Stirs not brave hearts to thoughts of indecision.

But rather stimulates them with a yearning  
To go forth and, with zealous spirit burning,  
Do battle for things worth while; realizing,  
Except with right, there is no compromising.

With one accord let us resolve, my brothers,  
To shape our daily lives this year that others  
May see he profits most who, in the serving,  
Subscribes to common honesty unswerving.

Clarion, Iowa.

## WHEN WINTER COMES

By "SAINT"

EACH year, it seems, about this time,  
Friends living in a warmer clime  
Become solicitous of me;  
And write in fevered ecstasy  
Of golden days and gorgeous flow'rs;  
Of how they while away the hours  
Without a worry or a care;  
And how they wish I, too, was there.

"Imagine, if you can," they write,  
"Each day a dream of pure delight;  
The lilt of many song birds rare  
Steals through the perfume-laden air;  
On every hand Dame Nature smiles,  
While round about for miles and miles  
Magnolias, roses, everywhere!"  
And how they wish I "could be there."

Of course they wish it: so do I;  
But there are some good reasons why  
I don't pack up and start right now.  
The first? Because I don't see how  
My family could live on air,  
Perfumed or otherwise; I swear  
I'd move out there as quick as scat.  
Provided they could tell me that.

The second: I'm afraid to roam  
So far away from "Home Sweet Home."  
Where I must needs make friendships new.  
In place of old ones, tried and true.  
I love the perfume of the flowers  
I love to while away the hours;  
But the big cause for discontent  
Is, you cannot lay by a (s)cent.  
Clarion, Iowa.

## DAWN AND DUSK

By ARTHUR MELVILLE

THE lake, a pool of molten gold  
From the sun's red furnace door;  
The city, an intricate mould  
On earth's broad foundry floor:  
With artist hand the Moulder pours  
His magic incandescent ray  
And casts, as rousing traffic roars,  
His golden message in the clay.

The lake, a palette long and wide,  
Splashed by silver paint-pot moon;  
The town, a canvas flung aside  
By tired novices, too soon:  
With tender touch the Painter lays  
His even spread of shimmering flakes  
Using the starlight in the trays  
To cover fretful men's mistakes.  
Chicago, Illinois.

One fine day,  
Says Mister Mucklewraith to me,  
says he,  
"So! you've a poet in your house,"  
and smiled;  
"A poet? God forbid." I' cried;  
and then  
It all came out; how Andrew slyly  
sent  
Verse to the paper: how they  
printed it  
In Poet's Corner.

Robert Buchanan—Poet Andrew.

## WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS

By E. C. HUNTER

YOU tell me you're a stranger  
From lands that lie afar,  
You ask me where the North begins  
And what its boundaries are.

The North is not an area,  
It's not a piece of land,  
The North's a spirit and a life,  
Which you must understand.

Up where the handclasp's stronger,  
Far from the city dins,  
Up where the smile lasts longer,  
That's where the North begins.

Up where the sun shines brighter,  
Where worries easily end,  
Up where the snow lies whiter,  
You're in the North, my friend.

Where every man's a fighter,  
And no one quits the game,  
Where the bond of friendship's tighter,  
And honor's more than fame.

Where you feel the fresh wind blowing  
From pine woods clean and pure,  
Where you find the trout-streams flowing,  
You're in the North, for sure.

Where fewer hearts are aching,  
And fewer men walk broke,  
Where the world's still in the making,  
And all hearts carry hope.

Where fellows don't mind giving,  
And we ask not creed or name,  
Where the fun of life is living,  
For life is worth the game.

Have you left the camp at daylight,  
As dawn was breaking forth,  
Carried back your deer at twilight  
Then you've really known the North.

Have you smelled the bacon frying,  
By streams where the big trout swims,  
Made friends without half-trying  
That's where the North begins.

For the North is not a country,  
Measured by terms of land.  
The real North is a spirit,  
Which you must understand.  
North Bay, Canada.

## IN ROTARY

By FRANCIS BACON

WE Work and play, we eat and drink  
We gain and lose, we serve, we think  
"He profits most who serves men best"—  
We try—we seek the endless quest  
Of Rotary.

We challenge life, we do not pale,  
Like knights of old we seek the Grail—  
We hate the man with wrong desire,  
We emulate a worthy sire,  
Through Rotary.

We love and cherish brotherhood;  
Strong hearts that strive for nobler good—  
We like to think when day is done  
We've kept the faith, the race is won  
For Rotary.

Berkeley, California.

## TO A ROTARIAN WHO IS GONE

By H. D. KNOWLES

TWERE common lot to linger safe ashore,  
To watch the cloud dreams flit and build  
And die away and to be filled  
With formless terrors, haunting evermore  
Those souls unschooled to venture heretofore,  
Where golden isles and lands untitled  
Invite, High aspiration unfulfilled  
May hinder those who compromise life's store.

But his to fare upon the swelling deep,  
With heart of steel and eagle eye to sail  
Where guerdons rich their priceless bounties heap,  
Content to risk life's all, succeed, or fail;  
To see life's meed in heart made pure by test,  
Some gauge by mid-way rule; he sought the best.  
Quitman, Georgia.

## MY SON

By ALICE WILSON OLDROYD

WITH confidence I think of you, my son,  
Knowing your work will worthily be done,  
That, through the problems of each passing hour,  
Will come to you the courage and the power  
To well perform the task you have begun.

With pride, dear son, my love goes out to you—  
Pride in your past successes, and in new,  
Joy, even in the failures, that may be  
Just stepping stones to future victory,  
Just pathways to a broader, bigger view.

And so, with confidence, with love and pride,  
I hold myself, for service, at your side,  
May fair judgment and wisdom be your part,  
Guide ev'ry action and impel your heart,  
Making your field of usefulness abide.

## POETS

By JAMES JOHNSTON

ARE poets gifted with the psychic sense?  
To peer within the veil, to find the goal  
The "Ne Plus Ultra" of the human soul,  
To glimpse that life flows on, when we go thence  
A living, loving stream, far more intense  
Than when it deigned to play this mortal role,  
Curbed in an earthly mould, held in control  
Eager to shed its earthbound chrysalis.

Sensitive souls, attuned to higher forms,  
Clothing emotions felt, but unexpressed—  
By cruder minds, in language that adorns  
And fans the mystic flame within each breast,  
Steering their barque on an ethereal sea  
Through storms of doubt, to calms of certainty.  
Alton, Illinois.

## A ROTARIAN'S PRAYER

By M. F. MULVANEY

DEAR LORD, I do not ask that Thou  
shouldst give  
Me untold wealth or lucre's costly gain,  
But just enough of blessings while I live  
That loved ones may be free from want and  
pain.

Help me to see the little niche I fill  
In this, Thy vast and glorious firmament,  
Was not cut out for my own selfish will  
(If selfish I have been I now repent).

May I stand aside and kindly view  
The aching hearts that perish in the strife,  
And seeing, gladly consecrate anew  
My talents in love's noble sacrifice.

Teach me to know that he who profits most  
By using all his talents—one or ten,  
Is he whose busy life is truly lost  
In noble service for his fellowmen.  
Aurora, Nebraska.

## Comment About Books

(Continued from page 37)

equations and charts there are indeed, but the most of the material can be readily understood by any one who has had two years of school chemistry. The prelude, written by Robert E. Rose, contains a striking illustration of molecular action; and the editing by H. E. Howe gives a text that matches the clear-cut illustration. Undoubtedly the book will interest many, especially boys whose constant desire is to know the "why" of things.

### The China Year Book

Edited by H. G. W. Woodhead, C.B.E.

THE China Year Book (1924-25), edited by H. G. W. Woodhead, C.B.E., president of the Rotary Club of Tientsin, and published by the Tientsin Press Limited, is literally packed with information. This is the eighth issue of this book and contains many new features. Practically every branch of knowledge receives attention in these pages, and the result is a collection of expert opinion and observation invaluable to all whose business or professional interests call for authoritative knowledge of things Chinese.

There are statistics on trade, railways, finance, education, military, and postal conditions; the texts of the new constitution, trade-mark laws and regulations, criminal procedure regulations, the Sino-Russian agreements and declarations, and the Washington treaties and resolutions. Special articles deal with international issues, the gold franc controversy, Waihaiwei rendition, Canton customs, the Chinese Renaissance, labor in China, and Chinese politics.

This general survey of Chinese conditions and regulations will be most helpful to travelers and business men of other lands, since there are many cases in which such data cannot be secured from any other source. Governmental statistics are not yet fully developed in China, and even the taking of a census is a matter of considerable difficulty.

### Art—Rotarian

Published by Rotarians of Battle Creek, Michigan

"ART—ROTARIAN" is the simple but expressive title of a well-prepared little book of verse and philosophy published by the Rotarians of Battle Creek, Mich. It is their tribute to the memory of Art Green, a quiet chap who, though suffering from an incurable ailment himself, could snatch a laugh from Destiny and write verses or draw little cartoons that brought cheer to many a sickroom.

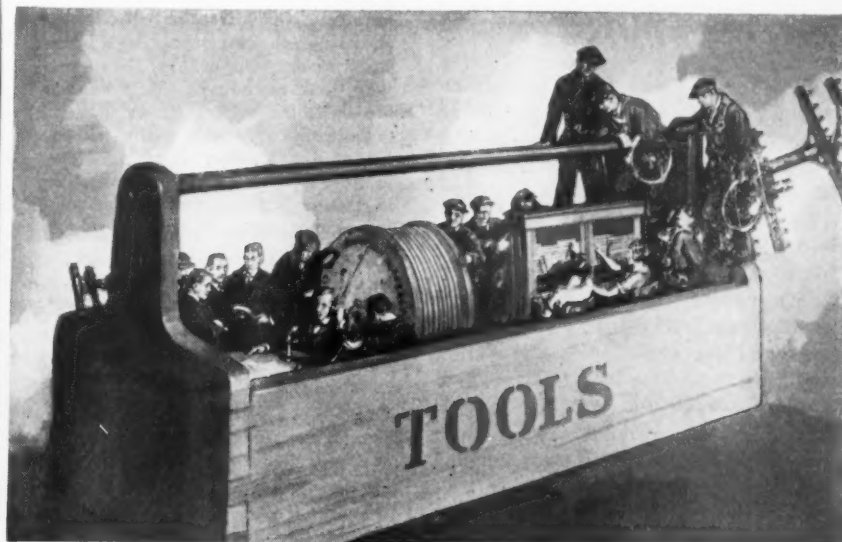
The verse is mostly about little homey things—more or less commonplace. It is not great poetry, and yet

there is great poetry behind it—the poetry of a life that was well-lived and of a memory that is fragrant.—A. M.

### Manchuria — Land of Opportunities

THIS slim volume is packed with interesting facts concerning the "forbidden provinces" and illustrated with a hundred good half-tones. The very considerable business and social progress made in this section, the numerous resources discovered and awaiting dis-

covery, the ramifications of a foreign trade amounting to several hundred million dollars annually, these are matters well worth the attention of firms seeking new trade outlets or globe-trotters seeking new experiences. In addition to a map of Manchuria and adjacent regions there are several pages of statistics covering transportation, agriculture, manufacture, shipping, etc. The book is published by the South Manchuria Railway Company, which is under Japanese control and has its American office in New York City.



## The tools of national service

The American people lead the world in the efficiency of industry. Who can say what part of their success is due to the superior implements they use. This much we know. They have the world's best telephone system as an instrument of communication, and they use it without parallel among the races of the earth. To this end our telephone service must be equipped with proper tools.

The tools of management. Bell System executives, rising from the ranks of those who know telephony, must share our responsibility to the public, most of whom are telephone users, shareholders or workers.

The tools of service. The national, two-billion-dollar Bell System, handling fifty-eight million telephone calls a day, must be enlarged and extended while in use.

The tools of forecast. We must continue to know the rapid and complex growth of communities and make provision in advance, so that the telephone will be ready when needed.

The tools of supply. The Western Electric Company, our manufacturing and purchasing department, its factories manned by 40,000 workers, assures us that extension of facilities need never be interrupted.

We must have the best tools of finance, of invention, of everything else, in order to continue serving the American people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*



# Modern Business Progress

*We have speeded up production;  
but have we accelerated happiness?*

By FRANK STEWART

ANY accurate appraisal of the real value of modern business and industry must translate their records of profit and loss into terms more directly applicable to our lives. Have the quickened processes of modern industry secured for us a higher level of possession and opportunity? Have they brought us increased health, longer life, or greater happiness? Have they extended social contacts, quickened our mentality, and still preserved our character? These are the tests which modern industry must meet, and they are all not merely tests of material gain.

It is my belief that, if fairly judged, modern industry will be allowed to have passed these tests with credit; but in support of my assertion I should like to call attention to a few of the leading phases of modern business:

1. The swelling volume which clearly rests on a widened circle of individual aspiration and possession.
2. The service of science and invention in making such volume possible by increasing the output of each worker.
3. The evidence of greater opportunity for individual success achieved in open competition through superior service to society.
4. The growing interdependence of industry and government, by which wise or unwise policies of government quickly affect the opportunity and employment of individual citizens.

In 1781 the wealth of the whole world which was in forms readily available for use was estimated at one hundred billion dollars. Here was the result of forty centuries of accumulative effort. For that period the productive and creative capacities of labor aided by such crude power devices as windmill, water wheel and tide mill, had been extended beyond the requirements of daily life so that the aggregate of created property and value had reached this relatively small achievement. In the succeeding one hundred and forty years, advances in applied power and other inventions, so enlarged the power of hands and brains, that this accumulated wealth of the world was swelled to an estimated one thousand billion dollars.

But after all national or international wealth is only the aggregate of individual possession and attainment. What we term "wealth" is simply natural resources which we have converted

THE test of the value of modern business, this writer says, is not to be found in the quickened processes we employ, but must be determined by the effect of these on community life. Is the distribution equitable, do our people live longer and more comfortably because of these new methods? That must be the basis for our praise or blame.

Looking over the many changes made since power machinery supplanted handicraft in most industries, the writer believes that on the whole the change has been for the good of the majority.

into forms suitable for our use. The resources that lie in fields and forests, mines and oil-pools, and running streams, are relatively valueless to us until they are shaped to our use. Here then we get a new vision of the human value which attaches to the industrial methods that hasten this process of conversion.

Although many of the examples I shall cite in the course of this discussion are taken from American records with which I am most familiar, these examples are not limited to any one country in their application, but serve to show what has taken place more or less all over the world. With that applicability in mind we may next observe how fast such wealth creation has proceeded in America. The tables of national income give these figures:

1890—12 billion dollars.

1900—18 billion dollars.

1910—32 billion dollars.

1920—60 billion dollars.

It may be said, without national egotism, that the American home of today in its equipment ministering to health, comfort, and pleasure, has reached an exceedingly high standard of excellence. Very recently, indeed, even in America, have we had general use of such facilities as pure water, bath-rooms, the gas range, modern heating and plumbing, electric lighting and cooking, the phonograph and the telephone, the automobile and the motorcyce, the motion-picture, and the radio. Our ever-expanding standards of living make a thousand calls on invention, swell the volume of fac-

tory production, and widen the field of business activity. Increased distribution to our homes raises the totals of the tonnage movement which confirm the expansion of earning power and buying capacity of all our people. The very volume of this production and distribution is itself proof that modern industry distributes wealth and buying power fairly and widely. No such volume of goods could be produced and marketed if wealth and buying power were confined to a fortunate few. Here is the significance of the industrial era which started with the harnessing of steam and electricity, of the increasing flow which by its very weight presses into more and more homes.

How fast this process of enlarged production per worker has progressed during these one hundred and forty years is easily shown by a few simple comparisons:

The change in production per man per day in standard necessities, taken from 1781 when generated power first began to aid human effort, to 1923, runs about as follows:

In iron the production rose from 500 pounds per man per day to 5,000 pounds.

In lumber from 100 feet to 750 feet.

In nails from 5 pounds to 500 pounds.

In shoes from one quarter pair to ten pairs.

In coal from one-half ton to four tons.

In paper from 20 square feet to 200,000 square feet.

Or one may consider how impossible the present vast and complex social progress of America would be, except for the successive advances in invention, in industrial methods, in social facilities, which have made our efforts more economical. To visualize this more readily, imagine the transportation work of today being carried on by the earlier methods. For example, the Class One railroads of America last year accomplished a movement of commodities aggregating 423,000,000,000 ton miles with 1,800,000 employees. Had this volume of goods been moved by the transport methods of 1781 it would have required 70,000,000 drivers and 140,000,000 horses, manifestly an impossible condition.

Behind this record of increased production per worker and consequent increased distribution to the homes, lies

whole justification of our industrial  
and.

Within the last twenty years we  
have seen the commercial perfection of  
the automobile and the gas engine, the  
biplane and the submarine, the X-  
ray and the motion picture; and within  
the last few years the miracle of the  
radio.

Such mechanical triumphs as these  
show the accelerated pace at which in-  
dustry is enlisting invention to further  
practical human service. In every line  
the substitution of machinery for  
workers' hands goes on apace. A few  
instances will show what has happened.

In the steel industry, for example, a  
pig-iron casting machine, manned by  
seven men, performs work that for-  
merly required sixty men.

An open-hearth charging machine,  
with one operator, has replaced forty  
hand-chargers.

An electro-magnet crane, for unload-  
ing pig iron, directed by two men, re-  
placed a crew of one hundred and  
twenty-eight men.

In the window-glass industry, a  
single American invention raised the  
hourly output from fifty-five square  
feet per worker to over three thousand  
square feet.

In agriculture, the McCormick har-  
vester and its successive improvements,  
garners the wheat crop of today with  
an estimated labor of seven million  
days; whereas with the wooden plow,  
cradle and flail, still in use in various  
parts of the world, one hundred and  
thirty million working days would be  
required.

By these methods the production per  
capita on American farms has risen in  
twenty years from fifty-five bushels of

wheat to seventy-eight, and from two  
hundred and five bushels of corn to  
three hundred and one.

These are the processes which create  
earning power and wealth, and which  
when used under a social system that  
fairly distributes labor rewards, will  
build up living standards.

It is surely significant that in Amer-  
ica, six per cent of the world's popula-  
tion annually converts one-half of the  
world's production in coal, iron, steel,  
copper, oil and timber, into forms of  
use to man.

It is also significant that this six per  
cent of the world's people possesses  
nearly one-half the railroad mileage of  
the world, almost three-quarters of the  
telegraph and telephone equipment,  
and produces and uses at home approx-  
imately ninety per cent of the world's  
automobiles.

But even more significant than these  
indications of industrial progress is the  
fact that this six per cent of the world  
population also consumes half the news  
print production of the world. The  
printed page has become the symbol of  
quickenened mentality, of social under-  
standing, of freedom from that credul-  
ity of ignorance which in recent years  
has started whole peoples on disastrous  
social and economic experimentation.  
Much will appear on the printed page  
which is inaccurate, misleading, or  
even sinister, but a literate people read-  
ing the news of the world, comparing  
their customs and achievements with  
those of other peoples, will not be led  
astray for long. The printed page, and  
the exchange of international thought  
will undoubtedly quicken the aspira-  
tions of all the peoples, and will bring  
to all a standard of living beyond any  
they have known.

RADIO

NOT a word and not a thought  
In the wide world shall come to naught;  
No little love with sails of white  
Shall vanish homeless in the night.  
This wind that moves with fluting song  
My plumed and purple pines among,  
Shall wave dim palms in tropic nights,  
Shall storm the white Himalayas' heights.  
And every dream I mourn as dead  
Or lost, is lyrically fled  
Out of my heart into anothers',—  
While I have taken home my brother's.

At length shall break on Hatteras  
The wave that Breton sailors pass  
Blue-rolling westward, or shall run  
To thunder on the dreadful Horn.  
The tingling air is thrilled with spirit;  
The universe I can inherit;  
Mysteriously great and near,  
Creation's throbbing heart I hear.  
Of these elusions, farewell's flights,  
That dim my days and haunt my nights,—  
In all the lonely strength of wings,  
Some heart shall make recoverings.

—Author Not Known.



Neglect did this

This tragic result had its begin-  
ning in a small, innocent look-  
ing open wound on the side of  
the broken limb. Decay started,  
as it always does in open  
wounds, and ate its way until  
the limb was a mere shell and  
an inevitable victim of a wind  
storm.

What about your trees? You,  
as a layman, might easily miss  
the danger signals that would  
be apparent to a Davey Tree  
Surgeon. Neglect is both ex-  
pensive and dangerous. Take  
care of these tree troubles in  
time—save your trees before  
they are too far gone. The local  
Davey representative will ex-  
amine your trees without cost  
or obligation.

Davey Tree Surgeons are  
near you — anywhere between  
Boston and Kansas City, be-  
tween Canada and the Gulf.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT  
CO., INC.  
41 City Bank Building, Kent, Ohio

Attach this coupon  
to your letter-head  
and mail today



Reg.  
U. S.  
Pat. Off.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc.,  
41 City Bank Bldg.,  
Kent, Ohio.

JOHN DAVEY  
Father of Tree  
Surgery

Gentlemen: Without cost or obli-  
gation on my part, please have  
your local representative examine  
my trees and advise me as to their  
condition and needs.

## Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 44)

### *They Have the Cup— and Mean to Keep It*

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—A ladies' night program of the St. Stephen-Milltown club was made still more enjoyable by the presence of Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Todd, and His Honor had some gracious words for the efforts of Rotary International.

This club had two 100 per cent meetings in November, and another in December. It has held the district governor's attendance cup for three months and is bent on keeping it. St. Stephen's Rotarians look forward to the formation of new clubs at Calais, Maine, just across the St. Croix river, and at Eastport, which is thirty miles distant.

### *"Classification Sale" Brings \$271 for Relief*

LAKE CHARLES, LA.—The local club developed something new in raising funds for Christmas relief. According to previous arrangement, each Rotarian brought to the meeting on Dec. 23rd some article representative of his classification—and carefully wrapped. These packages were auctioned off by Rotarian U. A. Bell who exhibited considerable skill as an auctioneer. The proceeds, amounting to \$271.45, were turned over to the Civilian Relief Association to be applied for alleviating poverty and suffering in the community. This sale furnished a good deal of fun to the crowd as the packages contained an endless variety of useful and ornamental articles.

### *Thomas A. Edison Attends Inter-City Meeting*

ORANGE, N. J.—Some six hundred New Jersey Rotarians and their ladies gathered at the inter-city meeting here. Most of the clubs in the 36th District were represented, and the meeting was made more memorable by the presence of Thomas A. Edison—the sole honorary member of the Rotary club of the Oranges—who spent the entire evening at the meeting. Although the noted inventor declined to make any speech—a policy with him for many years—his wife took the opportunity to express the faith which she had derived from a better understanding of Rotary. District Governor W. C. Cope gave an interesting outline of Rotary's aims and some of the things being done to promote them.

Between speeches a number of theatrical sketches were presented by members who used scenery and equipment which they had constructed themselves. A few numbers from "The Mikado" were given by professional talent. Among the prizes for the ladies

was a biography of Thomas Edison, autographed by him; and souvenir vanity cases and orange-hued chrysanthemums were distributed to all the ladies. The Rotary club of the Oranges had 100 per cent of its members present.

In passing, it may be noted that this club is one of the few possessing its own kitchen and equipment. The usual luncheon places of the city were found unsatisfactory for the club's purposes—and so the club equipped its own plant.

### *Spend \$1200 On Camp Buildings*

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Two buildings will shortly be erected on the ten acres' camp-ground which F. M. Scott has placed in trust with the local Rotary club. One of the buildings will be used as a dormitory, the other for a mess hall and livingrooms. The buildings are planned to accommodate forty young people and will be used by various junior associations of the community. In addition to these buildings the camp will possess an athletic field, bathing facilities, and other desirable features. The grounds front on Bayou Garcon—one of the most beautiful sheets of water in this section.

The boy's work committee, under whose direction the camp is to be administered, is an excellent sample of a mixed personnel working for the common end. The committee includes a Jewish financier, a Catholic priest, the head of a lumber concern, a county solicitor, the head of an oil company, and is headed by a Presbyterian pastor.

### *Get Many Viewpoints at Boy's Work Conference*

RICHMOND, ENGLAND.—The Rotary club of Richmond wanted to find out the particular needs of the district in regard to the boy just starting in business. Accordingly a conference was promoted, to which were invited fathers of boys leaving school; boys who have left school; heads of elementary schools; selected employers; heads of secondary schools; officials of Labor Exchange; leaders of Scouts, Cadets and Brigades; members of Education Committee; education officials; members Juvenile Work Committee; members Workers' Association; clergy and ministers. Some very interesting talks were given, and out of the contributions of the various interests represented some valuable results should be apparent.

### *Vivian Carter Goes On Rotary Tour*

LONDON, ENGLAND.—The Secretary of R. I. B. I. and editor of *Rotary* put in six Rotary Club appearances in five days, speaking at five of the clubs, each

time on a different phase of the subject. The clubs visited were Aylebury, Twickenham, Richmond, London, Sittingborne, and Purley.

### *"To Sleep— Perhaps to Dream"*

ST. PANCRAS, ENGLAND.—Here is something new in public service for Rotarians. The local club has inaugurated an emergency night transport corps to work in co-operation with the police. Already some of the Rotarians have cheerfully piled out of bed, to answer the call for transportation.

### *Bright Scholars Taken on Motor Trip*

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.—Bristol Rotary has a service scheme which merits general consideration. It takes the form of a scholarship tour for fourteen boys whose school reports show that they are likely to benefit by a fortnight's motor tour of the Midlands. It is a purely educational scheme, possibly stimulated by the example of Australia in sending a party of boys to learn something of the art, history, and industry of the Mother Country, through personal observation. The Bristol club is also trying to stimulate interest in good orchestral music through a series of concerts at the Little Theater. If the scheme goes over it may result in a permanent town orchestra.

### *"Painless Extraction" So Far as Possible*

HOMINY, OKLA.—A recent letter from the secretary of this club reveals something new in the collection of dues. A secretary reported a member paying his dues and resigning—all on the same day. The explanation is that Hominy Rotary collects dues by draft on the first day of each quarter, and since each member has an understanding with his bank to pay the draft, the matter does not come to the member's attention at that time. The member who resigned was leaving the neighborhood, and did not think of the draft at the time.

### *Some Club Publications Might Use This*

CHICKASHA, OKLA.—In a recent issue of the *Chickasha Rotawheel* we find brief notes of important meetings held four, three, two, and one year ago, respectively. This is a good way to remind the members of past performances, and changes in meeting-place, etc. There are a few things more useful to a club than a well-kept history of the organization and such histories can be kept alive through incidental references in the weekly club paper.



### Tackling a Problem From Both Ends

YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA. — Besides giving the annual Christmas dinner for 150 school children, the local Rotarians decided that you can also help a pupil to use his head by helping him to use his feet! This year the club gave \$100 to the Associated Charities to provide footwear for a number of children who could not attend school because they lacked such necessities. Incidentally, Rotarians served as waiters at the dinner, and were suitably rewarded when the children gave an entertainment program.

### The Ideal Qualifications of a District Governor

(Continued from page 28)

clubs in his district and correspondingly chargeable for Rotary's failures or deficiencies in his district.

The district governor's job, aside from being one of the most important in Rotary International, provides a direct contact with Rotarians outside of his local club which establishes a closer friendship than he can secure in any other way. The great reward that the district governor receives, aside from the joy of service, is the love and esteem of his district.

The experiences of the District Governor are fine preparation for higher service in Rotary and thus it has come to pass that most of the important committees of Rotary International are now appointed from past district governors. A past district governor is looked upon as ideal timber for the Board of Directors, and it is rarely that an election to the Board has been made without previous service as a district governor. If you will recall those who have been most active in the evolution of Rotary ideas you will notice that most of them have previously occupied the position of district governor. Each year many additional Rotarians are qualified for service in higher offices through the medium of the experiences enjoyed as district governor. Statistically, from those who have served as district governors Rotary International has had three presidents, six first vice-presidents, five second vice-presidents, six third vice-presidents and twenty-eight members of the Board of Directors.

Consequently, one of the most important functions of the district conference is the selection of a district governor nominee.

It is a matter which should be considered by the clubs for at least a month before the conference.

It would be most unfortunate if a

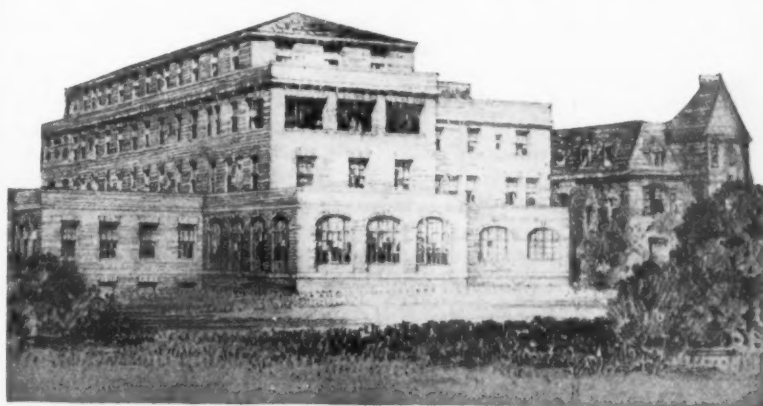
district were to select a district governor nominee by snap judgment and without due regard to the qualifications of the man for the office; without knowledge as to whether or not he is in a position to devote the time to the work; without ascertaining whether or not he is so vitally interested in Rotary that he desires to serve in this position of such great responsibility.

It would be unfortunate, too, if the selection were made on the basis of popularity or of oratorical ability, prominence at the conference or any other unusual circumstance which would sway selection without due con-

sideration of the essential qualifications necessary for success in administration of the office.

And so, while a list of qualifications should be positive and not negative, it is necessary to write here a negative: No man should be nominated for the office of district governor who has not been thoroughly interrogated as to his knowledge of Rotary, of the duties and responsibilities of the position, which should be explained in detail—and finally, as to his willingness and desire to do the work and his ability to devote the full amount of time incident to the administration of the office.

## \$901,000 Raised in One Week



Arnot-Ogden Memorial Hospital, Elmira, N. Y.

Elmira is a city of 50,000 population. No previous campaign exceeded \$297,000. Our staff commenced service November 10th. Three weeks later organization was completed and started out for subscriptions. At the end of the fourth week the campaign was completed with an oversubscription of \$101,000—the goal having been \$800,000.

This is another example of our continued service. If your Hospital needs financial help we can serve you too.

If you are interested in a Hospital, Church, College, Masonic Temple, Community Chest, or any charitable, philanthropic, or civic organization contemplating the raising of funds, we can help you.

Campaigns conducted for a moderate fee for service rendered and not on a percentage of amount raised.

Our Quarterly Bulletin,  
"Financing Social Progress"  
will be sent on request

### WARD, WELLS, DRESHMAN & GATES

Charles Sumner Ward

Bert Wells

C. H. Dreshman

Olof Gates

Metropolitan Tower  
New York

Wrigley Building  
Chicago

## A Sentimental Journey Through Hoosierdom

(Continued from page 25)

nor to visit the nearby city of Greenfield, where James Whitcomb Riley was born. Indiana has produced many stalwart men. Such names as Harrison, Voorhees, Gresham, Fairbanks, Beveridge and Marshall instantly occur.

More swift-flying landscapes, then a mile or two along the base of a bluff and across the river to Martinsville; then up the hillside and a beautiful panorama unfurled. For miles as we ascended the long and circuitous road we gazed back into the valley at the tidy little village we had left behind; then the course continued down steep hills on the other side. Distance views were obtainable in all directions. We had never even thought it possible that there could be country of such remarkable scenic interest so near to Chicago and yet so little advertised. Surely the much-heralded Berkshire hills have nothing on this wonderful stretch of Indiana uplands. I do not wonder that Indiana men of letters have been inspired to write. This stretch of country is a natural playground for all who love the great outdoors. The land is not the best for agricultural purposes, though peach and apple orchards thrive on hillsides and in valleys. There are vast areas where land can still be bought for twenty-five dollars an acre or even less. To the credit of the State, eight thousand acres in Brown County have been purchased and dedicated to public parks.

**SOME** of the scenery of the State-owned lands is wildly picturesque—a charm faithfully reflected in the paintings of Theodore C. Steele, an Indiana painter of note. Many of this artist's splendid landscapes were taken from State-owned land in Brown County.

Through the foresight of the Indiana legislators, seven hundred and fifty acres have been purchased in the area known as Turkey Run and appropriations have been made for the purchase of twenty-five hundred acres of the wonderful dune lands bordering on the southern shores of Lake Michigan. Twenty years ago the writer was working to this very end. The Indiana dunes are located but a scant fifty miles from Chicago and they constitute a favorite retreat of thousands of Chicagoans.

Interest was high as we approached Bloomington, the home of the State University. The University is located on a regal site. The old buildings give the institution the classic appearance of the ideal educational institution and new buildings speak of progress. A

great stadium is in process of construction. We could have spent an enjoyable day in Bloomington, but time pressed.

At one o'clock we took Thanksgiving dinner at the Greystone Inn, the Rotary hotel at Bedford. A real good Thanksgiving dinner it was and we were four very hungry people. Bedford is the center of the Bedford stone quarries of wide renown. The Bedford stone is an uncrystallized limestone which, when first taken from the quarries, can be carved with utmost ease. It is sometimes used in works of art; its principal use, however, is in the building trade. It hardens with exposure to air and seems adapted to all climates. Many of the largest and finest buildings in the United States are made of stone taken from the Bedford quarries.

At 2 p. m. we were on our way again over more splendid roads and through unending and wonderful scenery. The hills surrounding West Baden and French Lick were soon in sight.

Two hours were all the time we could spare for the sights of the two famous watering-places and we were on the road again before the curtains of night were pinned back by the stars.

We arrived at Mitchell at about 7 p. m., but the little Rotary hotel was already full and at 7:15 we were on our way over winding roads through darkened hills enroute to Trinity Springs. We were astonished at the amount of traffic in these remote and sparsely settled parts. It made it necessary for our chauffeur to tend strictly to business.

At 9 p. m. we arrived at our destination, but found that the hotel had been closed.

Well, there was a farmhouse in sight and that night four weary travelers seated themselves about a farmer's bounteous board.

To be sure, our rooms were very cold that night, but what's the use of venturing unless one expects adventure.

In the morning we looked out on snow-clad hills and prepared for a steaming country breakfast and in that we were not disappointed.

Indian Springs and Owensboro were soon passed. At Bloomfield the land flattened out, thus giving agriculture a better chance. Small coal mines began to appear. A few miles westward the Wabash river flows through land beneath which lies great stores of bituminous coal, and fortunate it is that it is so. The requirements of Indianapolis for water for condensation purposes in connection with its public util-

ities have nearly exhausted the supply of nearby smaller rivers and it has been necessary to extend high tension lines half-way across the State to the waters of the Wabash—that same old Wabash made famous in song. There is found the happy combination of coal and water necessary for the generation of electrical energy.

At 11 a. m. we arrived in Coal City, where we visited Silvester Shiele's uncle and several cousins, nephews, and nieces. At 12 a. m. we arrived in Clay City, a mile or two from where Silvester first saw the light of day.

At one o'clock we sat down to a wonderful home dinner at the home of Reuben Schiele, a brother of the first president of the first Rotary Club.

Brazil was the next stop—and there we visited more cousins and more nephews and nieces.

At 4 p. m. we were enroute to Greencastle, where we drove through the grounds of De Pauw University, the Alma Mater of Senator Beveridge as well as other men who have made great contributions to various fields of endeavor.

As dark settled down we drove away over good hard roads northward.

**THEN** for fifteen miles we pointed direct for the West; down and ever down we seemed to go. At seven o'clock we pulled into Rockville, where we had dinner and resumed our way to the State Park at Turkey Run.

The lands here located are well cared for and will be preserved for the benefit of generations yet to come. The center of attraction is the gorge through which Sugar Creek winds and turns. In days of old this wild spot was the refuge of thousands of wild turkeys. The refuge was well chosen and the only fly in the ointment, viewing the matter from the turkey viewpoint, was the fact that the tryst was known to the Indians of nearby tribes. The red men had a weakness for turkeys and creeping stealthily down the gorge would drive the bewildered and frightened turkeys into the recesses or runs of the gorge and proceed to help themselves; hence the name Turkey Run.

We found the big State-owned hotel full of students from Butler College. They were enjoying a week-end of dancing and outdoor sports. The best we could get were beds in the servants' quarters, but what more could be desired. Remember, we were tired and could have slept on stone. We sat for an hour before the mammoth fireplace wherein huge, fat logs snapped and sizzled while we interested our-

selves in the fun and pranks of the students; then we slipped away to bed. I either heard or dreamed that I heard a chorus of young voices singing student songs, but they were far, oh, so far away.

Saturday morning we breakfasted sumptuously and drove through delightful farming country to Crawfordsville, where we had two prospective points of interest, Wabash College and the home of General Lew Wallace.

We found Wabash the fine dignified little institution we had imagined it. What a blessing these smaller educational institutions are to a great country, ready as they are to expand as necessity requires. Many of the so-called small colleges of today have more students than the major universities of twenty years ago. Lew Wallace was a graduate of Wabash.

The point of keenest interest in Crawfordsville is, of course, the home of the author of *Ben Hur* and of *The Fair God*; the home of the man who gave birth to the school of literature which has made Indiana the pride of modern America.

Behind high brick walls which shut out the confusion of sounds from a neighboring railroad, and street traffic, is the miniature park in which still stands the mosque-like structure in which the famous author did his work. Visitors are permitted to see original manuscripts, paintings, and other artistic achievements of this truly great and versatile man. The custodian exhibits the relics with pride and relates delightful personal reminiscences of Wallace the student, lawyer, soldier, author.

We left the fine old classic Crawfordsville with deep regret, and were soon on our way to Lafayette, the seat of Purdue University, splendid institution of learning.

Whatever Purdue may lack in atmosphere, it makes up in the excellence of its educational facilities. It gives one the impression of being a great University in the making. Notre Dame and Purdue both impress one as modern in every respect. Purdue is also a State university, specializing in engineering and agriculture, while the institution at Bloomington is devoted chiefly to arts, sciences and literature.

Saturday afternoon we sped along past the George Ade farm. Real cold weather had settled in. It was two hours after sundown before we arrived in the famous Baptist suburb of the Celestial, though windy, city which we call home.

During long winter evenings as we toast our feet by the fireside our thoughts will frequently steal away to the fleeting hours of our Indiana journey; yes, we shall live them again many times in memory.

Of course, the vital questions in the minds of all thinking men are: Are we going forward or backward? Is this world of ours to be, in the days to come, a better place to live in than it has been in the past? Is civilization justifying itself?

Our four-day journey of eight hundred and thirty-six miles in Indiana has left me quite as much an optimist as ever. I have an idea that we are just rounding the corner, just coming into something well worth while.

THIS is a day of wonderful advancement in facilities of transportation. There seems to be no limit as to the ability of mankind to make use of every new means of transporting goods and people. Our needs of transportation are ten times as great as were the needs of our forefathers.

Increase of transportation facilities should make for increase of happiness. Of all God's creatures, that one possessed of the best transportational facilities—the bird—is most given to song.

The automobile and other even more startling inventions give man mobility comparable with the bird. City workers may maintain their homes far away on the countryside. The suburbs of our great cities are being pushed farther and farther out and the new suburbs are not of a hit-or-miss character; they are being carefully planned by skilled landscape gardeners and houses are built with beauty as well as utility in mind.

The urban and suburban district of Chicago extends along the shores of Lake Michigan for nearly one hundred miles. The most remote districts are already planning landing places for aerial commuters. The Des Plaines and the Fox river districts are already included in the Chicago suburban area and the Illinois and the Rock River and parts of the Mississippi will be included as aerial transportation advances; nor is the enjoyment of the outdoor privileges confined to the rich alone. In addition to the regular park system within the city limits, nearly thirty thousand acres of woodlands have been purchased and developed in Cook and adjoining counties for the benefit of those who can not afford the luxury of country homes.

I can not find a better closing of this hasty article than a quotation from a piece of literature published by the Commission of Indiana State Parks:

"The enjoyment of nature does not come naturally except to a few persons. Most have to be trained; all can increase this enjoyment by taking thought.

"Natural scenery enjoyed is one of life's greatest joys. It is restful, prevents worry, increases our sense of beauty and wonder, brings the mind in contact with things great and fair, opens for us the 'spirituality of the visible universe.'"



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## Lincoln—The Story-Teller

(Continued from page 12)

his palette and brushes and stated, "half in earnest," and to Lincoln's amusement, that he was not sure but the President had made a mistake in the choice of a profession.

The farmers of Illinois in Lincoln's day frequently went to law over the trespass of livestock upon a field of growing corn. In one such case, where a farmer's hogs had inflicted considerable injury, Lincoln had the defendant's side of the controversy. The evidence favored the plaintiff's contention. It was commonly known, however, that many farmers' fences were insufficient to protect crops from vagrantly minded stock. In the course of his argument, Lincoln told a little story about a fence so crooked that a hog, in going through, came out on the side it entered. His description of the hog's confusion in its futile attempts to reach the other side was inimitable. The plaintiff's case began to appear ridiculous; and, although Lincoln made no attempt to apply the story to the case in suit, the jury returned a verdict in favor of his client.

IN 1816, Lincoln's father, Thomas Lincoln, moved from Kentucky to the woods of Indiana, where he lived in a cabin with his family for fourteen years. Here Lincoln's mother died when he was a lad of nine, and here for a number of years he was under the energetic and kindly tutelage of his father's second wife. In his teens, Abraham became an expert axman, helping his father clear up his land and build the fences. Here he laid the foundation of his life-long fidelity to his tasks and that physical strength which helped him to meet new situations in his later experience. In the Indiana cabin the boy Lincoln developed a taste for books and reading, mental incitements that flowered out so richly in his debates with Douglas, at Cooper Union, at Gettysburg, and in the two Inaugurals. In his Indiana home there grew up in his nature something still more precious and potent for the demands of his future years. This was that foundation of honesty—the jewel of a man's character—which strengthened with the passing of his years and with the stress of unforeseen difficulties.

Going to his work one morning, with his sharp ax on his shoulder, the tall young woodsman was secretly followed by his little step-sister, Matilda Johnson. She had slipped away from the cabin against her mother's directions. Suddenly she leaped upon Abe's back, clasping her arms tight about his neck

and planting her knees against his back. As the boy was pulled to the ground his falling ax severely cut the little girl's knee, "Tilda," he said, "I'm astonished! How could you disobey mother so? What are you going to tell her?"

"Tell her," said Tilda, "I did it with the ax. That will be the truth, won't it?" And Abe replied: "That's the truth, but not all the truth. Tell her the whole truth, Tilda."

At twenty-one, Abraham removed with his family to Macon County, Illinois, where, after helping his father clear and fence a new farm, he started out for himself, becoming at last a clerk at the little town of New Salem. Here he attracted the attention of the neighborhood by his novel habit of filling leisure hours by reading. Russell Godby told of seeing Abraham sitting upon a woodpile, barefooted, attentively reading a book.

"What are you doing up there?" Godby asked.

"Studying, sir," answered Abe.

"Studying what?"

"Law, sir," was the surprising reply.

Godby concludes the story thus: "I stood looking at him, sitting there as proud as Cicero. That was really too much for me."

This picture of young Lincoln at his task of self-instruction recalls his reply, years later, to a young man who wrote him to ask his advice about how to prepare for the law. Lincoln replied:

"Get books and read them carefully. Begin with Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' and, after carefully reading through, say twice, take Chitty's 'Pleadings,' Greenleaf's 'Evidence,' and Story's 'Equity,' in succession. Work, work, work is the main thing."

Lincoln's ethics of law practice may be briefly gathered from what we have of notes he prepared for a law lecture. This is what he set down: "Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often the real loser—in fees, expense, and in waste of time. As a peace-maker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough. Never stir up litigation. A worse man can scarcely be found than one who does this. . . . Moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it."

One of Lincoln's earliest successes in the practice of law is famous because it happened to be in defense of the drama in the small town of Springfield, Illinois. It was in 1839, and the

story has been given literary permanence in the Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson, remembered for his rôle of Rip Van Winkle. Jefferson, as a lad, accompanied his father's troupe to Springfield, where it was found a city ordinance imposed a prohibitive license upon theatrical performances. Hearing of the company's trouble, Lincoln offered to try to have the license taken off, stating that whether he succeeded or failed he would accept no fee for his service. "He handled the subject," says the autobiographer, "with tact, skill and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of today. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes and kept the council in a roar of laughter. . . . The exorbitant tax was taken off."

No finer side of Lincoln's character as a lawyer has been exhibited than in his advice to his clients. Herndon speaks of a prospective client who wished the firm to bring suit against a woman for the recovery of \$600.

"Yes," said Lincoln, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and six fatherless children, and thereby get you \$600, to which you seem to have a legal claim. . . . You must remember, however, that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but we will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. We would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 in some other way."

ASSOCIATED with Leonard Swett, a very able lawyer, to defend some clients, Lincoln became convinced during the testimony that their clients were guilty and that the state's witnesses were telling the truth. He urged Swett to concur in having their clients plead guilty and secure the minimum punishment. Swett refused, stating he had reserve testimony sufficient to combat the witnesses of the opposition. Lincoln refused to argue. Swett made the argument and won the case. After the trial, Lincoln said to his associate: "Here is \$500 which I have received for defending one of these men. It belongs to you, take it." Judge Davis, who told the story, stated that Swett refused to take the money, but that Lincoln felt he had done nothing to earn it.

Listening one day to a would-be litigant's recital of his case, Lincoln turned to him with the remark: "Well, you have a pretty good case in technical

law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. While talking to the jury I'd be thinking: 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I should forget myself and say it out loud."


Lincoln never lost his gratitude to his step-mother for her encouragement during his youthful days and studies. Walking into his office one day with \$500 in his hands he remarked to a visitor: "Look here, judge, see what a heap of money I've got from this case. . . . If it were only \$750, I'd go directly and purchase a quarter section of land and settle it upon my old step-mother." His visitor offered to lend him the \$250, but suggested that, since his step-mother was advanced in age, he would better have the land revert to himself upon her death. "I shall do no such thing," Lincoln replied. "It would be a poor return at best for the good woman's devotion and fidelity to me. There's going to be no half-way business about it."

When Squire Masters of Petersburg, Illinois, visited Lincoln in Springfield to consult him about a threatened law suit, Lincoln advised an amicable settlement. "How much will you charge, Abe, to go into court for me?" Masters inquired. Lincoln told him it would cost him \$10 in case of suit, but he would charge nothing if they settled it between themselves. The other party, hearing that Masters had consulted Lincoln, compromised the matter.

LAMON was employed with Lincoln to combat a motion to dismiss the conservator of a demented-girl's estate, worth \$10,000, made by an adventurer with designs on the money. Lincoln learned from his associate that the conservator, expecting a hard contest, had agreed to a fee of \$250. "This is positively wrong," urged Lincoln; "give him back half the money or I will not have a cent of it for my share," and he had his way about it. Even the judge chided Lincoln for "impoverishing" the bar with his small fees. But Lincoln replied that he did not wish his law firm, when dissolved, to be known as "Catchem & Cheatem."

Lincoln, however, was not averse to generous fees from clients amply able to pay. For legal services to the Illinois Central railroad, which paid him \$2,500, he brought suit and recovered \$5,000.


The world has learned to link up Abraham Lincoln's fine sense of justice with his deep and tolerant sympathy. Both traits of character were part and parcel of his policy as President. Stanton, his decisive war minister, moved exclusively upon the policy of strict discipline. This was expeditious and made easier the settlement of details



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in a great civil war. Lincoln frequently interfered with the course of discipline if it trespassed upon his sense of justice or needed kindness. With him war was not "hell," but a human tragedy. War had to be met, and that without stint or compromise; but an individual, caught in its maelstrom, need not be sacrificed merely for the sake of consistency to discipline. There were, therefore, frequent divergences between the conduct of Stanton and that of Lincoln in matters of detail.

Senator J. F. Wilson, vainly appealing to Stanton in behalf of a private soldier's life, obtained from the President a countermanding order, which Stanton obeyed. "A private soldier," insisted the President, "has as much right to justice as a major general."

He pardoned a young private ordered to be shot, for whom Senator Kellogg had vainly sought clemency from Stanton. "Well, Mr. Secretary," said the Senator at last, "the boy is not going to be shot—of that I give you fair warning." He laid the case before the President, who concluded: "I don't believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen." Pardoning a young soldier sentenced for going to sleep, the President said: "It is not to be wondered at, that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, when required to watch, should fall asleep, and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act."

GENERAL HOFFMAN related a circumstance which contrasted the attitudes of Lincoln, and Stanton who probably could not have relaxed his code of discipline without both harm and criticism, weakening to the military service. A woman, whose son joined the ranks of the Confederates, and, wounded and captured by the Federals, lay a prisoner at Fort McHenry, appealed to Stanton for clemency. To the secretary's stern words, "I've no time to waste on you; I want you to go at once," the heart-broken mother, upon a hint from Hoffman, went to the White House with her cause. The president received her graciously, offered her a chair, and listened to the story of her imprisoned boy with great courtesy. "Do you believe he will honor his parole if I permit him to take it and go with you?" he asked. "I am ready, Mr. President, to peril my personal liberty upon it," she promised. "You shall have your boy," the President assured her. "To take him from the ranks of rebellion and give him to a loyal mother is a better investment for this Government than to give him to his deadly enemies. . . . God grant he may prove a great blessing to you and an honor to his country."

There were occasions when Lincoln differed with his cabinet on questions

of great importance. The student of Civil War history will recall that in the delicate Trent affair, which all but precipitated war with Great Britain in the midst of the war to save the Union, Lincoln had the support of but one cabinet member in his conviction that Mason and Slidell should be surrendered. The President did not hesitate, it is reported, to describe the grave situation by means of a story. It reminded him of a drunken man who walked into a revival meeting. When the preacher asked the usual question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" the drunken man, rousing himself at the moment, spoke up: "I don't exactly understand the question, but I'll stand by you, parson, till the last, but it seems to me we are in a hopeless minority."

That was the event about which Lowell, in the "Biglow Papers," represents Brother Jonathan saying to John Bull:

"We gave the critters back, John,  
'Cause Abr'am thought 'twas right."

The deep spiritual intelligence of President Lincoln, as he witnessed the selfishness and lack of patriotism of many anxious to profit personally by the war, often found expression. To a Congressional committee he said: "Here I am, surrounded by many men more eager to make money out of the nation's distress than to put a shoulder to the wheel and lift the Government hub out of the mire. Do you wonder I get depressed when I stand here and feel how hard it is to die unless I can make the world understand that I would be willing to die if I could be sure of doing my work toward lifting the burdens from all mankind?"

RELIGIOUSLY, Lincoln was tolerant, always charitable, looked always toward the larger human good. A Philadelphia committee wished him to withdraw the nomination of a young man for hospital chaplain. "On what ground?" asked the President. The committee stated the nominee's theology was irregular. "He does not believe in endless punishment, and thinks that even the Rebels will be saved," it was argued. "If there's any way under heaven whereby they can be saved," he replied, "for God's sake and their sakes let the man be appointed."

Not to discuss Lincoln's theology, which was simplicity itself, the spirit of this story recalls another made public by former United States Senator Cole, who recently died in Los Angeles at the age of 102 years. Senator Cole heard President Lincoln, while refusing to grant a request to some House members, relate the problem of some orthodox ministers, during the forties, to get rid of a Universalist minister



who appeared in their midst. It was resolved to "preach him down," and the pastor appointed to "take the first shot," exclaimed: "Why, this impertinent fellow declares that all shall be saved, but, my dear brethren, let us hope for better things."

Replying at one time to Judge Douglas, who had eloquently asserted his "confidence in Providence," Lincoln said he suspected the judge's confidence was not firmer than the old woman's whose horses ran away with her buggy. She said she had trusted in Providence till the brithen broke, and then she didn't "know what on airth to do."

Side by side with Lincoln's humor was a depth of devoutness rarely found in men. His war burdens brought his personal spirituality into frequent expression. "I believe," he said, "that the Bible is the best gift which God has ever given to men." On another occasion he said, "I believe the will of God prevails." And, again, "I, being a humble instrument in the hands of our Heavenly Father. . . . I give thanks to the Almighty and seek His aid."

The late Senator Cullom is reported to have visited the President during a deeply discouraging moment, when the Federal armies were generally meeting disasters. They noticed a remarkable smile of contentment on his face, as they spoke consolatory words about his difficulties, with no precedents to guide him, judicial, civil, or military. He warmly thanked his visitors and said:

"But please tell the boys on Capitol Hill that I have precedents for everything. . . . I shall commit no dangerous error. . . . I shall not blunder, because I have precedents, and I carefully follow them. I get my precedents, Trumbull, by my bedside at night. . . . and they come to me from the source of all wisdom."

Lincoln was a natural-born gentleman, courteous, and usually, on the proper occasion, delightfully tactful, never wishing to wound, but always, if possible, to heal. Once, when it became his duty to reprimand an officer,

court-martialed for quarreling with an associate officer, he gave what has been called the gentlest reprimand on record:

"Quarrel not at all," he said. "No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare the time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of his self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own. Better give path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

It is a rare thing to find men who know why they tell stories save for the momentary elation which merriement brings. Too seldom are they told for ethical or humane effects, and with the prevision which unites with high character. Fortunately we have Lincoln's own account of this form of his self-expression:

"I often avoid," he said, "a long and useless discussion by others or a laborious explanation. . . . by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story, so as to save the wounded feelings and yet serve the purpose. . . . Story-telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress."

Men are admired for great intellect, but they are loved only for great character. The world will always cherish the memory of Lincoln for his union of both endowments. Perhaps the spirit of the man may best be summed up in his own beautiful words to his friend Speed:

"It is more than many can often say, that in doing right one has made two people happy in one day. . . . Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

## Henry Lamson, Rotarian

(Continued from page 31)

think that jest because you belong to the Rotary Club you can git away with them things. Lawsy, this is too much fer me. Hyer's you. Ef you'd a done what that policeman thought you done, you'd be whar I'd be ef he knowed what I done. Br-r-r-r!

LAMSON: No, Tom. It's not belonging to the Rotary Club that really amounts to anything. It's only because a man has a heart for unselfish service that enables him to get into the Rotary Club. That's all that really

counts. I guess, maybe, Judge Hampton didn't stop to reason that all out step by step. You see, the name Rotary has come to represent all the higher ideals of business and life in general. Judge Hampton, of course, knew me—

TOM (aside): Not the way I does.

LAMSON: And I suppose that helped a little, but the big thought in his mind was a knowledge of what Rotary Clubs represent, and so he was not only ready to be lenient in this case, but he is interested now in my little crippled

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buddy, and we're going over to see him  
right away. Possibly I've found a  
good home for my buddy.

TOM: I hopes you has, 'cause that  
kid's shore been taking a lot of your  
time and attention from your business.

LAMSON: Oh, Tom, you're just prov-  
ing what I've always thought of you.  
You're thick headed.

TOM: Cose I is, er I wouldn't be whar  
I is. I jest nacherly wouldn't fit in.

LAMSON: The services I've performed  
through the Rotary Club have never  
caused me to lose any business or ad-  
vantages of any kind.

TOM: No, I took keer of things while  
you wuz away.

[Enter gentleman with card in  
hand.]

TROWBRIDGE: Good morning! Which  
is Henry Lamson?

TOM: That's him.

TROWBRIDGE: Mr. Lamson, my name  
is Trowbridge.

LAMSON: Pleased to meet you, Mr.  
Trowbridge. Have a chair.

TROWBRIDGE: Thank you. (Tom takes  
his hat.) Last night, when I came out  
of my club, I found a fender on my car  
badly smashed—

TOM (aside): There it goes agin.  
Lawdy, Lawdy!

TROWBRIDGE: I was all set up about  
it, and felt like committing murder.  
But, there didn't appear to be anything  
to do about it, and so I climbed into  
the car. I was surprised to find your  
card stuck on my steering-wheel asking  
me to call here this morning.

LAMSON: That's right, Mr. Trow-  
bridge. I'm the guilty party. I sup-  
pose it looks like pure carelessness to  
you, and I felt mightily chagrined when  
I saw what I had done. If you will tell  
me what damage was done, I'll give you  
my check right now, and with it my  
sincere regrets.

TROWBRIDGE (incredulous): Do you  
mean to tell me that you voluntarily  
assume all responsibility without any  
attempt to prove that my car was stick-  
ing out too far, without a light, or any-  
thing of that kind? And, of your own  
accord, you left your card on my steer-  
ing-wheel when you might have driven  
off unknown?

TOM: Don't know no better. Law,  
ef I'da left my card whar I wuz two  
nights ago, I wouldn't be whar I is now.

LAMSON: Well, that looks like the  
honorable thing to me. I was in a  
slight hurry when the thing happened,  
or I might have waited.

TROWBRIDGE: Honorable? I should  
say it was most extraordinary.

LAMSON (with check book in hand):  
How much will you consider satisfac-  
tory?

TROWBRIDGE: Well, sir! I'd consider  
myself your inferior if I allowed you  
to pay for that job. It's an un-  
usual experience you have given me,  
and I consider myself repaid. Would  
you mind telling me where you get  
ideals of that kind?

TOM: It's that dawg-goned Rotary  
Club agin!

LAMSON: Oh, I don't know that I can  
give you a satisfactory answer to your  
question. I belong to several organ-  
izations that aim to instill rather lofty  
ideals, but, on the other hand, one can-  
not become a member of those organ-  
izations unless he manifests a belief  
beforehand in the better conceptions of  
life, such as disinterested honor, under  
trying circumstances, whatever they  
may be.

TROWBRIDGE: Automobile fenders, for  
instance.

LAMSON: Well, yes, perhaps. The  
Rotary Club, that Tom has referred to,  
is based on the slogan "Service Above  
Self." I have the honor to belong to  
that, and take its principles rather seri-  
ously.

TROWBRIDGE: Yes, yes, a splendid or-  
ganization, but it has always seemed  
selfish to me. It seems to enforce the  
idea of doing business only with fel-  
low-members.

LAMSON: Oh, no, that's not the idea  
at all, only so far as business dealings  
inevitably follow in the wake of friend-  
ship and acquaintance. The man in the  
Rotary Club who expects business from  
his fellow-members can get it only by  
convincing them of his trustworthiness,  
fairness, and ability to serve them as  
well or better than anybody else in the  
same line. I wouldn't think of desert-  
ing an old business connection in favor  
of a fellow-Rotarian. Other things be-  
ing equal, I do enjoy doing business  
with my Rotarian friends, but that's  
all there is to that.

TROWBRIDGE: Well, that gives me a  
new conception of the Rotary Club.

LAMSON: I don't know that I could  
put into words the many aspects or  
controlling motives of Rotary. A Ro-  
tarian's activities and interests are as  
varied as human life itself. There is  
no elaborate code of action prescribed  
like the ancient Jewish Talmud. Read-  
ing through the Code of Ethics of Ro-  
tary you encounter repeatedly such  
words as sympathy, faithfulness to  
duty, service, integrity, honor, the  
Golden Rule, and so forth. Every re-  
lationship of human life presents an  
opportunity to either help or hinder.  
A Rotarian is pledged to help, even at  
the cost of personal comfort and con-  
venience. Those so inclined say that  
Rotary is Christianity at work. Per-  
haps that expresses it understandingly.

That motto there on the wall is the

lodestone, the guiding star of Rotary: "He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

TROWBRIDGE: Well, if I had understood more about the club and its workings I believe I would have applied for membership, but I guess it's too late now.

LAMSON: That's another peculiarity of the organization. No one can get in by application. It is entirely by invitation, and the candidate doesn't even know he is being considered until he is elected.

TROWBRIDGE: I see. So, your membership in a Rotary Club indicates that you have been weighed and found not wanting.

TOM (aside): He wuzn't weighed hyer.

LAMSON: Well, I suppose that expresses it.

TROWBRIDGE: I understand that not more than one representative of any given line can be a member of a Rotary Club.

LAMSON: That is right.

TROWBRIDGE: What is your classification?

LAMSON: Real estate.

TROWBRIDGE: Real estate! Well, now, that's a strange coincidence. I guess one would call it that. I left home this morning to call on a firm here in the city (of no particular business relation to me) to retain them to act for me in the negotiations for the purchase of a piece of property I have been wanting for some time. I dare not let my identity be known in the matter. The owner would immediately put a fictitious value on the property. So I require the services of an agent in the matter.

TOM: That's the thing we don't do nothin' else but.

TROWBRIDGE: The incident of the automobile fender prompted me to stop here on my way to that firm's place of business, thinking I would get that little affair cleared up. You disclosed a rather unusual character in your conduct in that matter, and I am convinced that you must be trustworthy, both by this little incident and by what you have told me of your connection with the Rotary Club. I see no reason why you can't act for me in the purchase I have in mind.

LAMSON: I'd be delighted to act for you.

TOM: Me too!

TROWBRIDGE: The property I have in mind is the tract east of the river running along the railroad for a length of about five hundred feet and about the same distance back from the railroad, along the river. It is owned by a man by the name of Judson.

LAMSON: Oh, yes, I know that tract and its owner very well.

TROWBRIDGE: Not too well to act for me in the case, I hope.

LAMSON: Oh, no. I am not under the

slightest obligation to him, and, on the other hand, I have accepted your commission to act for you. If you feel so inclined, you are still at liberty to withdraw from this arrangement.

TOM (aside): Jest try and git away.

TROWBRIDGE: Oh, no. I am still satisfied. Now, here's the point. I don't want to appear in the transaction at all for certain reasons, and so I want you to buy that tract in your own name. Later we can arrange for its transfer to my name.

LAMSON: Such an arrangement is a little out of the ordinary.

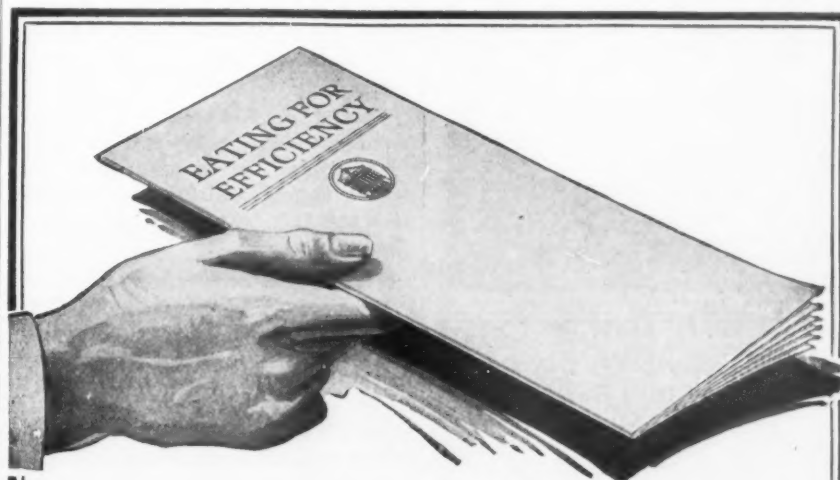
TROWBRIDGE: I know it is.

LAMSON: I am proud to realize that you have sufficient confidence in me on short acquaintance to place yourself so completely in my hands.

TROWBRIDGE: I am willing to take that chance, and have no reason to feel uneasy.

LAMSON: Thank you. Now about the price. To what extent are you prepared to go?

TROWBRIDGE: Well, with its railroad and water facilities, and located as it is, in easy distance from the heart of the manufacturing district, I would be



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a fool to think that Judson doesn't value that tract pretty highly. It is worth more to me just now than it is to him. You understand, I must have it, and will pay as much as \$75,000.00 to get it. (TOM, in his shock at that astonishing figure, nearly swoons, upsets furniture, etc.)

LAMSON: I don't believe Mr. Judson holds it as high as that. I'll tell you, suppose I get him on the phone and feel him out a bit.

TROWBRIDGE: All right. I'm interested and glad to wait a while.

TOM: Lemme git him, Mr. Lamson. Dat's old man Judson that lives over on Sycamore Street, ain't it? I used to set up with his cook. (Cackles and chuckles to himself.)

LAMSON (aside): Heaven help the cook!

TOM (Searches for the telephone number, calls it, finally gets it): Hello! Is this Mr. Judson speaking? Well, wait a minute. Mistuh Lamson wants to make talk with you. Hyer you is, Boss.

LAMSON: Mr. Judson, this is Henry Lamson, of the Lamson Development Co.—Yes.—I have thought I might find you a buyer for that tract of yours down by the river. What is your price on it?—No, I understand that. At the same time, idle land is eating its head off, in a sense, and a reasonable profit now has some advantages over a comparatively big price in a number of years from now. I have a notion that money steadily drawing interest will net you a better return over a period of years than you might reasonably expect to gain by holding that tract of vacant land.—Well, would you think favorably of an offer of, say, forty thousand dollars?—You understand I am simply suggesting that as a starting basis.—You would consider fifty thousand, would you?—Well, I'll see what I can do, and in the meantime, I suppose you will be willing to hold the property for a matter of thirty days till I have an opportunity to look around.—That's fine. All right, thank you. I hope to be able to report something in the near future.

TROWBRIDGE: Did he seem to be interested in the idea of selling?

LAMSON: Well, not particularly. You heard my end of the conversation. He will sell, all right, and I am pretty well satisfied the price will be in the neighborhood of fifty thousand, or perhaps a little less.

TROWBRIDGE: I must say you have a rather unusual way of handling such a deal. After I told you I was prepared to go as high as seventy-five thousand, you had a fine opportunity to manipulate so as to clean up a nice little pile for yourself, and I don't know that you would have been criminal in doing so. It is quite unusual.

LAMSON: Oh, don't imagine that I don't know about those little methods. My idea is this: I expect to be in business a good many years from now. It's my notion that if I can plant in your mind and the minds of others like yourself the confidence that you can trust me implicitly with your business transactions, I'll be better off through the long swing of years than if I seize every paltry opportunity to exploit my customers.

TROWBRIDGE: You are certainly quite right about that.

LAMSON: It is quite possible that by violating my trust in a number of cases like your own that I have on file now I might, without the slightest criminality, clean up far more than I am likely to make in legitimate commissions in the next few years, but that would certainly come to an end, and leave me with no clients and a bad reputation. My father left me a heritage of a good name when he passed on this business to me, and I am proud to carry on what he gave me.

TROWBRIDGE: Yours is certainly a laudable ambition, and if we could have more of that stability of character, there would be more pleasure in doing business. You know, it has become a common thing to hear those steadfast, sane methods spoken of as the "old fashioned" ideals, as though they were a thing of yesterday, and entirely out of place in the present-day scheme of affairs. That is a calamity, if it is true. Those moral principles are eternal, and not a thing of yesterday or today. There is no reason why they should be so unusual as to occasion comment today.

LAMSON: I have found them the best principles on which to do business, and they carry with them their own reward.

TROWBRIDGE: They certainly do. Well, I suppose we will have to wait a reasonable time before we can do anything more in this Judson matter. I think we have gone as far as would be discreet for the present. In the meantime, we will have to cool our heels. Do you play golf?

TOM: Ask me. I done wore out one pair of specks lookin' fer his lost balls. Lady Golf and him ain't on speakin' terms. When she's walkin' in the fairways him and me's out snipe huntin' in the next county.

TROWBRIDGE: Well, I'm not so good myself, but I'd like to have you join me at the Country Club this afternoon.

LAMSON: All right! That suits me. I have an appointment now with Judge Hampton, but I can get around in time for a game with you, and I'll be delighted. What time?

TROWBRIDGE: Oh, say one-thirty.

LAMSON: Fine!

TROWBRIDGE: Well, good-bye for the present.

LAMSON: Good-bye. (Tom hands him his hat and holds the door open for him.)

TROWBRIDGE: Tom, you old rascal, you see that he gets there on time, will you?

TOM: Yessuh, Boss, I'll shore take care of that. Good-bye.

TROWBRIDGE: Good-bye, Tom.

TOM: You shore played the debbil when you let him hornsoggole you into a game of golf. Your game of golf will ruin the best real-estate deal that ever wuz hatched up.

LAMSON: Oh, dry up, Tom. I believe I could play a top notch game if my caddy would manage to keep awake so he could locate my ball.

TOM: Good heavens! Shore as I

spects you to drive your ball in the general direckshun uv the green you sends it a mile frum where Ise at. I don't have no show to locate your ball utall. I might as well be blind.

LAMSON: Well, Tom, regardless of whether I can play a good game or not, or whether you can see a golf ball or not, I am satisfied that by having done the honorable thing by Mr. Trowbridge, I have brought myself a delightful peace of mind, and have at the same time opened the way to a good business prospect.

TOM: Yassuh, Boss, I kin see that much anyway.

LAMSON: There is a lot of truth packed away in that Rotary motto, "He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

CURTAIN.

## World Rotary Reviewed

(Continued from page 23)

### Denmark

Before the year was out still another country entered the ranks of Rotary nations. The club at Copenhagen is so far the only one in Denmark, but it is thoroughly imbued with the organization's ideals. Danish Rotarians are, perhaps, more limited in their range of possible objective activities for the country's wealth seems to be more equitably distributed than is the case in many nations. There are very few poor, and hence charitable impulse finds less need for exercise. The Danish Rotarians, however, readily perceived that it is possible to make a good situation better. So by co-operation with the Scout movement they try to give the youth of the country still further opportunity for self-development.

### Norway

International Rotary boasts that no club has ever surrendered its charter. True as that statement is, we did have to drop one name from the list of Rotary towns this year—for the club at Christiania, Norway, became the club at Oslo when the national legislature changed the name of the town back to that used some centuries ago. Oslo is the older of the three clubs in Norway, and was established in 1922. Norwegian Rotarians have been interested in public health, and through athletics and other plans have tried to improve the physique of the school children. These Rotarians also hope to establish a vacation camp which will supplement the health work in the schools.

### Holland

Moving south from the fjords, we find Rotary establishing itself in Holland. There are now three clubs in the Netherlands, that at Amsterdam hav-

ing received its charter in 1922. Boys work is practiced through co-operation with the Scout movement, and the Dutch Rotarians are planning more ambitious efforts when their members have had a better chance to survey the possibilities of the situation.

### Brazil

Once more Rotary extension turned to South America and towards the end of 1922 a club was organized at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. How rapidly the Brazilians have assimilated the Rotary program may be judged by the fact that the club now holds a daily Round Table, and is trying to secure an International Convention.

### Belgium

In 1923, two clubs in Belgium were organized in the same month, though the club at Ostend was instituted a little ahead of its neighbor. Although young in Rotary, the Belgians are experienced in tenacity, and these two clubs will doubtless make a material contribution to the business and professional life of their nation.

### Italy

With the Italian clubs, the charters did not occur in such rapid succession at first, but indications are that new clubs will be fairly frequent in the next few months. The Rotary Club of Milan was organized in November, 1923, and early the following year another club was instituted at Trieste. There are now six clubs established and it is probable that there will be a Rotary district in Italy before very long.

### Chile

By 1924, Rotary extension had again shifted to Latin America, with a club organized at Valparaiso, Chile. The club is still the only one in its country

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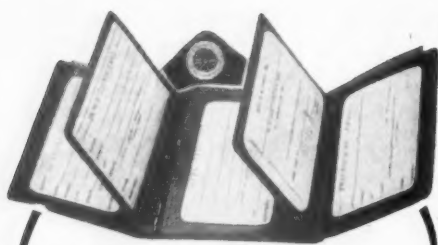
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—but enthusiasm is infectious. Amongst other bits of community service these Chilean Rotarians arranged for a public recreation park.

### Switzerland

Still another nation entered the Rotary circle last year, when the white cross flag of Switzerland was added to those borne in Rotary pageantry. About the middle of the year the Rotary Club of Zurich came into existence. It is likely that its progress will be rapid, since it lies in territory adjacent to that of other Rotary nations.

### Territories

We have now listed the twenty-eight nations in Rotary, but have not mentioned clubs in territories. These are important, for as any traveller is aware, a club in a territory is very apt to have a more cosmopolitan population than one planted in the heart of a great nation—and hence to have from the beginning a better appreciation of the various nationalities. There are three territories in which Rotary has clubs. In Hawaii, where the first of the two clubs was formed at Honolulu in 1915, we find Rotarians helping the Scouts and the local welfare bureau. In the Canal Zone, Rotarians are taking an active interest in boys work and in improved highways. In Porto Rico, we find the Rotarians of San Juan taking an active interest in boys work and especially with regard to youngsters selling in the streets. The Porto Rican Rotarians also lent aid in the fight against tuberculosis. Bermuda became a member of the Rotary family with the chartering of the club at Hamilton early in 1924. Already the Bermuda members have accomplished organized relief of poor families, the first work of this kind ever attempted on the islands.

### In Conclusion

In this account of Rotary's growth we have mentioned some of the objective activities which find favor in va-

rious lands—not because a Rotary club can be judged by the amount or variety of such activities, but because they have some significance in showing the versatility of service and the manner in which various nationalities interpret the same ideals.

While much of Rotary endeavor is more or less standardized by its constitution there is still a large field in which clubs can exercise the very positive autonomy which each club cherishes. It must always be remembered that although the movement is American in its origin—it is universal in its applications. Undoubtedly the power of Rotary would be easier of analysis if all clubs were to concentrate on certain definite activities—but it is doubtful if such concentration would not also limit the ethical force which is responsible for all Rotary's effort. It has been well demonstrated that in case of national or international catastrophe all Rotary can be swiftly mobilized for any one object, even though the usual procedure allows each club to decide for itself whatever local endeavor is best suited to its interests.

Questions as to what Rotary clubs should or should not support will rise constantly because of the various local needs and individual enthusiasms. To a large extent, the answers must be determined by empiric methods; and the solutions will only be discovered in the same ratio that Rotarians endeavor to carry out the sixth object of their organization—the promotion of good will and understanding among all nations, and all classes.

Rotary stands committed to no mean task, and the number of clubs, their position on the map, and the things they undertake outside of the common programs of all Rotary clubs, are chiefly valuable for what significance such data may have in helping to determine whether or not it is possible to develop an international mind.

## Cleveland—and Dreams

(Continued from page 34)

come from east and west, all of them converging on Cleveland with passenger service unsurpassed in the world. The finest railroad trains on the great Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, and Nickel Plate systems—trains that are the most luxurious in equipment and service on the face of the earth—all bring their passengers to Cleveland. And again look at the map—at what Washington saw and Moses Cleaveland saw and the men who wanted to make iron saw and what was seen by the men who wanted to make easy transportation from the

sea to the lakes—and you will see your dream of a central location for a convention was the same as theirs—because it was a central location they were dreaming of just the same as you were—and the ease and convenience of reaching that location. So—Cleveland is the place that you've dreamed of when you reached out in your mind to find a spot convenient of access to a majority of Rotary clubs—north, south, east, west—Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and the islands of the seven seas as well!

Likewise every one of you has



dreamed of a place where every Rotarian and his wife could find the sort of hotel accommodations he would most desire. And I know from my own experience that was *some* dream! I've been a consistent convention attendee since I came into Rotary. I've been so glad to attend the conventions and meet up with all the fellows I have gotten to know and love, that I was willing to forget a whole lot as to convenience and comfort in hotels. And I'm not relating any strange experience when I say that I've *had to forget—and forgive*—a whole lot with regard to convenience and comfort in hotels at Rotary conventions. But—and I'd like to have the printer set this in type that will stick out of this page so large and so plainly you simply can't miss it—but:

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That sounds like what they all say! I know it. Only it is true of Cleveland. I'll go farther than that. There are six hotels in Cleveland within less than five blocks of the Public Hall where the Sixteenth Annual Convention sessions will be held—there are six hotels in Cleveland that could accommodate by themselves in first class, modern hotel luxury the entire registration list of delegates to the Atlantic City, Los Angeles, Saint Louis, or Toronto conventions! And in addition to these six modern up-to-date hostelryes—there are numerous smaller hotels located in the same way—to say nothing of the super-exquisite establishments farther removed from the heart of the city. This is an astounding fact regarding Cleveland that isn't true of any other city on the North American continent saving possibly—New York. Chicago has hotels—but they are not so grouped. Cleveland is perhaps the only city on the continent that can offer the facilities that have been outlined here,—the very things you have been dreaming about. I can promise absolutely there is no chance of anybody coming to Cleveland to attend the convention who will not get exactly what he *wants* in hotel accommodations. That sounds like a large promise—but we've got the goods here and it will be the greatest pleasure of my life to deliver them.

And then there is the dream about a convention hall! How many of us who have been compelled—usually because we were late in getting there—to sit way back in the convention hall and strain our ears to catch only a faint

sound of what we were keenly desirous of hearing? Or how many times we have been crowded into small halls where there wasn't room enough for the entire number of people. Remember Los Angeles—when the California delegates were asked to go out and make room for the visitors? Right there you—all of you—dreamed of a convention hall that would accommodate everybody—where everybody could hear every word. That's what you dreamed about!

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ceeding six millions of dollars by a committee of citizens of which our own Arch Klumph was one—and it is absolutely the last word in convention halls for the reason that it is new, it contains every feature any convention hall planned up to 1923 contains, it corrects every mistake in every convention hall built up to 1923, it is located in the very heart of Cleveland within five blocks of the farthest away of the six big hotels—within two blocks of the nearest of them—it will seat—get this, fellows—it will seat *twelve thousand five hundred people!*

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In the Public Hall—for that is the name of the building—there is an exhibition hall where the Rotary House of Friendship will be established and where the registration office will be located. This place is about the size of the auditorium. All of the floors of the building are reached by ramps as well as wide stairways; and there are thirty-six exits—or thereabout—I've really forgotten just how many Rotarian Lincoln Dickey, manager of the place, told me. But it is thirty-something and that ought to be enough. I know they can empty the place in less than a minute of actual time. And all around the auditorium there are offices and quiet restrooms, public comfort-stations, etc. The building looks out on the lake and gets all the lake breeze. In addition to this it has a ventilating system that gives a complete change of

air every minute or two—cold air in the summer and warm in the winter.

If you'll just think it over for a minute you'll understand why all of the things I've told you about this place will be realized one hundred per cent when you see it. Cleveland decided to have a public hall that would stand for years and accommodate the largest crowds attending conventions. And so Cleveland sent men out into the world, obtained plans for all the public halls in existence and incorporated all their best points in the one we were building. And we incorporated all the things other builders of public halls wish they had in theirs and found they had forgotten to put in theirs or found by experience they needed in theirs. It was just as easy and far more economical to build a structure that would be the composite of all the good points of all the other public halls in existence than any other kind. And that is just what was done. Come and see it for yourself.

I suppose at this point I ought to say a lot about the industries and parks and the city manager and all that sort of thing. You all know, of course, that Cleveland is the largest city in America with a city manager. And he is just that. He is employed without regard to politics just as the manager of a large corporation is employed. And our city manager knows his business. He'll probably tell you about it when you meet him—if you ask him. He'll tell you quite a lot about Cleveland whether you ask him or not.

YOU are probably not aware that four hundred Cleveland manufacturers produce three thousand distinct lines of commodities. Cleveland interests own or control ninety per cent of the iron-ore and the coal-and-grain-carrying vessels plying the Great Lakes and we export overseas more than \$300,000,000 worth of our products—or 1,500,000 ship tons—annually. We import more than \$200,000,000 annually—from overseas this is, mind you. Cleveland's tentacles of trade encircle the earth. The city has first place in industry in many things—like electric lamps, automobile parts, etc. You probably don't know it—but thirty cents of every dollar you pay for an automobile in the United States or Canada comes to Cleveland for parts of the automobile that no other place supplies. In the manufacture of women's clothing Cleveland occupies second place—New York being the only city producing a greater volume.

The city is the center of the greatest development of the steel and iron industry on this continent and its long lines of ore docks and coal docks are marvels of modern mechanical equipment and efficiency. A number of the well-known

automobiles are produced here and but a short trolley or bus ride from Cleveland is the world center of the rubber industry. Cleveland's total freight receipts annually exceed 25,000,000 tons of which approximately 15,000,000 tons come by rail and the remainder by water.

But Kennedy can give you all the statistics you want—"Ken" Kennedy who is convention bally-hoo artist of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. And incidentally Ken is also a member of the Cleveland Rotary Club. And quite incidentally, he is chairman of the Hotel Committee that will have to do with the housing of all the delegates who come to the convention.

And that reminds me of the committee, the Host Club Executive Committee. There is one of the best groups of men I have ever served with. It makes things very easy for a chairman to have such a committee. First, of course, is Arch Klumph because he has been president of Rotary International and because he is the member of the committee who is looking after the entertainment end of the program—particularly the opening pageant. I wish I could tell you something about it but I'm not a pageanteer. I do know this—that we've employed the services of the greatest producer of stage spectacles of New York to produce the pageant and that he will test to their capacity the lighting and scenic facilities of the Public Hall—facilities which you'll remember I told you Morris Gest said gave him a finer opportunity to produce "The Miracle" that he's found in the theaters of the country so far.

John R. Bentley, former president of the Cleveland club, former district governor and at present a member of the International Board of Directors, is also the assistant treasurer of Rotary International for certain convention purposes. Another International Officer on the committee is Clarence Collings. Then we have Bob Vinson—he was a district governor and club president in Texas before he became president of the Western Reserve University and a vice-president of the Cleveland Club. There are also on the committee "Ken" Kennedy, who will have charge of the hotel matters; Clarence Neal, who is our hospitality-fund treasurer; Cliff Pierce and George Thesmacher. There isn't anybody in Rotary who ever came to Cleveland who has failed to meet all of these men and those who have come to know them know that they are ideal selections for such a committee as ours.

The manner in which we intend entertaining all the people who come to Cleveland—we won't talk about that because Arch Klumph has a host of things in mind that he will tell you

about later. Only there will be many more dreams come true in connection with that entertainment. Cleveland's wonderful park system, its beautiful country clubs—all these have a lot to do with the entertainment. And you will therefore see them all. There has really been such a rush of people and organizations that want to entertain you that we've had to make rules and regulations about it—put restrictions around it because we're not intending that any part of the entertaining shall interfere with convention sessions and assemblies. But you'll get the sort of entertainment you've all dreamed about having at an international convention.

And that brings me to the second dream you will do your bit toward making come true. It came to man at the dawn of the world. It was reinforced in his mind when he first acquired neighbors. It received emphasis when groups grew to tribes and tribes to nations and nations spread over continents and it received its finest statement two thousand years ago, when the Man of Bethlehem said:

"Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

That dream is the foundation of every effort that has been made to bring about understanding, good will, and peace in the history of the world. Rotary has made it the foundation of its work and for its attainment has six stated objects. It is the sixth of these objects of Rotary that this convention is supposed to exemplify. It is the sixth of the objects of Rotary that Cleveland feels itself to be one of the greatest places in the world to demonstrate. America has been called the melting pot of the nations and races of men. All sorts and conditions of men have sought asylum in it to make in it their effort toward the realization of the Golden Rule. Here in Cleveland we have represented very nearly every type of man, every race of men to be found in America. Instead of separate and distinct communities of various nationalities you will find here in Cleveland their amalgamation into the great body of citizens. You will find people of every nation living side by side, working side by side, striving with, rather than competing with each other, for the attainment of understanding, good will, and friendship.

And so I'm asking you now, as I asked you at the beginning—

Do you believe in dreams?

I do. And the Cleveland Rotary Club does. And the great body of citizens of Cleveland does. Come to Cleveland and they will help you make your dreams come true. Come to Cleveland and you'll make their—and my own greatest dream—come true.



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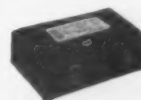
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## Modern Trade—Antiquated Tools

(Continued from page 29)

and measures is best for the United States of America, and the British Commonwealths."

The history of the origin of the meter and the liter and gramme as standard units is rather interesting. The basic theory of the metric system is that the meter is a one ten-millionth part of a quadrant of the earth through Paris. The liter, or unit of volume, is a cube having a one-tenth meter side, and the gramme, or unit of weight, is one one-thousandth of the weight of a liter of water at 4 degrees C. As early as the 17th Century the idea of adopting measurements and weights based on science had been suggested. The French astronomer, Jean Picard (1620-1682), proposed to adopt as a unit the length of a pendulum beating a second at sea level, at a latitude of 45 degrees. Various other suggestions, with a carefully worked-out scientific basis, were put forth by one scientist or another, and they all took practical form by a decree of the National Assembly in 1790, which appointed a committee to go into the matter thoroughly and to consider the adoption either of the length of the seconds pendulum, a fraction of the length of the equator, or a fraction of the quadrant of the terrestrial meridian.

The committee finally decided in favor of the latter and a commission was appointed to take a measurement of the arc of the meridian between Dunkirk and Mont Jany, near Barcelona. Another commission was also appointed to devise a system of weights and measures based on the meter. In 1799 a report on the length of the meter was made and this was followed by laws in France definitely fixing the value of the new standard and making it compulsory.

**B**USINESS men are becoming more and more familiar with the essentials of the metric plan. Based on the decimal system, like United States currency, its units are inter-related logically.

Like the dollar, the meter and liter and gram may be decimally divided or decimally multiplied. By simply shifting the decimal point, one can at once achieve multiplication or division. It is automatic. We may use the same terms to express meters, liters, and grams—and their parts—as we do to express dollars and parts of dollars. For instance, 1.111 is expressed as one dollar, one dime (*dec-ime*), one cent, one *mill*. So also 1.111 is expressed as

one meter, one *dec-i-meter*, one *cent-i-meter*, one *mill-i-meter*. And likewise with divisions of liters and grams.

There are prefix terms for multiples of the unit used sometimes in science—in ordinary transactions we need not use them. In everyday work we can speak of 10 or 100 or 1000 meters, liters, or grams in the same way that we speak of 10 or 100 or 1000 dollars.

There is a close analogy in size between the metric units usually employed in merchandising and the obsolescent units to which our people have clung till this late date. Our language, already so rich in synonyms, will welcome these decimal units as the world yard, world quart, and world pound—alternative names for meter, liter, and 500-grams.

Our old yard will simply be advanced 10 per cent to the meter, or world yard; our old pound avoirdupois will be advanced 10 per cent to the 500-gram weight, or world pound. The United States of America will advance its old liquid quart 5 per cent to the liter, or world quart; the British Commonwealths will *reduce* their liquid quart 13 per cent to conform therewith.

It is obvious that there will be no need for mental adjustment to familiarize ourselves with the world measurements, because they are practically what we have now. The transition will involve only a slight adjustment in the size of units.

Organized business today owes a vast debt to James Watt, the world's greatest engineer. Inaugurating the modern industrial era, his genius made possible to humankind the steam engine, steamboat, steam railway, steam pump and steam turbine.

More than this, when Lord Kelvin's metric legislation was before the British Parliament, testimony was presented showing that it was James Watt who, in 1783, proposed and got put widely in public use the plan on which are based the decimal metric weights and measures.

This decimal plan he knew to be so infinitely superior, saving so much waste, that he declared that if twenty other science and business engineers like himself only *used* it, all civilized nations would come to use it for everyday affairs.

Now this has come true—excepting that the decimal units are slighted by the nations of his own race alone. Only these cling to unstandardized measures of antiquity, while all the rest of the

world has advanced to the simple and uniform metric standards.

Well has it been questioned: What if the British and Americans, not using it themselves, had let Watt's steam engine thus become the exclusive property of all other nations!

France propounded and adopted the metric units in 1799 at the instance of Talleyrand. Then they were taken up by Belgium, Netherlands, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary and all the nations of continental Europe in succession. Colombia and Mexico led the procession in the New World, and in acceptance of metric units they have been followed by all the American republics except the United States alone.

In populous Asia, the Philippines were in the vanguard of the metric advance. The Dutch East Indies, Indo-China, Siam, Persia, Siberia and Japan have all progressed to the world decimal standards. In China and Turkey they have been adopted for governmental purposes, and their gradual introduction into trade is under way.

In Africa, metric units are employed in the vast colonies of France, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, and Spain; and likewise in Egypt and Morocco.

THE present world trend to metric measures is very rapid. Within the last five years, Russia, Japan, Poland, Latvia, Greece, Esthonia, Lithuania, Siam, and Persia have confirmed by legislative enactment their adoption of metric units.

The most decisive event came in 1921, when Russia and Japan definitely advanced to the international decimal standards—so that in just that one year more humans went onto the metric basis than now in all the world employ the diverse units miscalled English.

Business interests in Japan and Russia will benefit tremendously in this change from the old to the new. The Weights and Measure Association of Japan reported last month that the actual transition there is proceeding rapidly and effectively. The "Commercial and Industrial Gazette" of Moscow records the introduction of the metric standards in all branches of Russian industry, including the retail-selling apparatus in the provinces of Moscow, Leningrad, and Nizhni-Novgorod, the leading commercial centers.

Now, you may well ask, in view of this world trend to simplified standards, why have the United States of America and the British Commonwealth lagged behind, at the tail-end of the procession.

To this the answer is: Lack of co-ordination and lack of leadership.

We have almost adopted the metric standards several times. But while we were debating, other nations acted.

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Lately, there has appeared an astounding tendency in English-speaking countries to suppress even so much as debate upon this vital topic.

The British House of Lords passed a bill to make the metric units used exclusively in commerce. At another time, in the British House of Commons a law for exclusive use of the metric units in merchandising was lost by only 5 votes. In the House of Representatives of the United States of America, a similar metric law was declared lost by only one vote.

**B**UT there are renewed promises of victory. At the Tenth Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, held in 1924 in London, a resolution was adopted *unanimously* "That this Congress, without expressing an opinion as to any specific proposal, supports in principle the introduction of a decimal coinage and the metric system of weights and measures."

This looks like action. Let us hope that the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations of the United States are equally progressive.

All the British Commonwealths, through their prime ministers in conference, have several times urged this metric progress upon the mother country. The Parliaments of Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Colony have petitioned the "Home Government" to adopt the metric standards. Several British possessions, such as Malta, have already adopted metric units, and these measures are used to a considerable extent in India. In 1870 an act was passed establishing the metric units throughout India but it was vetoed at London by an ultra-conservative Secretary of State for India; thus denying decimal standards to the country where Hindu-Arabic numerals originated.

The Canadian Privy Council has expressed its willingness to introduce legislation to make exclusive the metric units at such time as may be agreed upon by the various British Commonwealths. In the matter of decimal coinage Canada did not wait for the others, but acted, for her proximity to another great country using the decimal coinage made such a move imperative.

Only the other day I received a splendid letter from the Canadian Department of External Affairs, which, after expressing approval of the metric standards, concludes: "While generally sympathetic to world uniformity in the matter of weights and measures, it would hardly be possible for Canada to take the initiative in the matter of introducing the metric system, as she would necessarily be guided by the action of the United States and Great Britain."

British countries and the United States do not use the same weights and measures—there is 20 per cent disparity in our liquid units, for example. But despite the fact that they are unstandardized, Britain and the United States do seem to be waiting each for the other to move. (Not exactly "watchful waiting," for we have scarce noticed the worldwide progress to the metric standards.) The situation is something like that in the old song:

"Said Chatham, with his sword half drawn,  
'I'm waiting for Sir Richard Strachan';  
Said Strachan, 'I'm longing to be at 'em,  
But I'm waiting for the Earl of Chatham.'"

With all its hesitancy, where does the United States of America stand as to the metric advance? A Metric Standards Bill has been introduced in both houses of Congress, and hearings are anticipated at which convincing testimony will be presented. The proposed metric legislation applies only to *merchandising*, manufacturers continuing to use whatever measures they desire in production.

More than 100,000 metric petitions are pending before Congress, urging metric legislation; and as many of these petitions are from organizations having hundreds and thousands of members, altogether they directly represent millions of voters.

The States of Illinois, California, North Dakota, Tennessee, and Utah, with a combined population of 15,000,000, have through their State Legislatures officially memorialized Congress to adopt the metric standards for the benefit of all the people.

The Metric Association recently held a stirring convention in Washington, D. C., which will have far-reaching influence in gaining metric legislation. Great hopes are held, too, for positive action from the First Pan-American Standardization Conference, meeting in Lima, Peru; and from the International Chamber of Commerce sessions this summer in Brussels, Belgium. In both of these, delegates from the United States participate.

As declare sages of old, "A fact is better established by two or three good testimonies than by a thousand arguments."

**I**N brief, then, as to the multifarious benefits bestowed by metric standardization, one may point to the eloquent testimony afforded by the forty great nations which have already achieved this progress. No people, having adopted the decimal standards, have gone back again to the old rejected standards. The use of metric units by 900,000,000 humans proves their practical value in everyday affairs.

In many fields the gains accrue. The National Congress of Parent-Teacher Associations declares with authority



that there would be a yearly saving of \$800,000,000 to the United States in education, if metric units were used exclusively.

Household economics and marketing likewise benefit much from adoption of these modern commodity quantity standards. Urging such decimal measures, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "The facility which they would introduce into the vulgar arithmetic would be soon and sensibly felt by the whole mass of the people, who would thereby be enabled to compute for themselves whatever they should have occasion to buy, to sell, or to measure, which the present complicated ratios place beyond their computation for the most part."

A modern statesman, Herbert Hoover, is urging uniform commodity quantity standards upon an international basis. "It may well be put forth as a truism," says he, "that it is impossible to maintain proper standards of ethical conduct throughout business and industry without a proper background of recognized physical standards of quality and quantity. In order that international good will may be maintained and the interests of the individual and the public safeguarded, it is necessary to establish standards of quality and quantity in such commodities as enter into international trade."

In order to ascertain the value of the metric units of weights and measures in increasing the external trade of the United States of America, the writer

addressed an inquiry to American consular officers throughout the world. Out of more than 100 replies received, it is notable that *not one* consular officer has reported adversely to the world metric standards. Virtually all are strong in their declaration that gradual adoption of the metric weights and measures will greatly promote our trade abroad. This unanimous opinion of world-trade experts is indeed eloquent "proof of authority."

The international aspect of the advance is of tremendous importance. It bears directly upon the promotion of good-will and better understanding between all peoples.

In the final move to secure the benefits of metric standardization for the English-speaking nations, vital elements necessary are co-ordination and constructive leadership. These can only be supplied by business organizations international in scope and outlook, active and strong within the British Commonwealths and the United States of America.

Having the world-viewpoint, these leaders will recognize that "custom is often only the antiquity of error". They are not ones to be held down by rule of thumb, nor to be tyrannized over by antiquity. For they know that the standards that once sufficed for trade in a Tom Thumb bailiwick are not good enough for the great world of today. Modern business must have the best.

## The End of Labor

(Continued from page 20)

end had come. The day was the last link in the long and monotonous chain of years. He was too old for work; like the horse, like the ass, he was to be thrown away as useless. Worse than they, for release was still denied him; he had to live on but in poverty and dependence.

Curtis woke from his unhappy musing at the office door and, pulling himself together—as if to shake off both his thoughts and the weariness of the tramp across the bridge—he entered and signed the book.

Two or three clerks were already in their places, preparing for the day's work. Others entered, one by one, two by two, "like animals entering the ark," said an impertinent junior, at the cost of a flipped ear. They chatted about trifles; seemed cheerful, satisfied—save for grumbling which meant nothing—with the monotonous round; blind, as yet, to its almost inevitable ending. And yet the kindest fate, for many of them, would be to die in harness.

As the hands of the clock drew round to the hour, men entered in a swarm

and clustered round the attendance book. Curtis was hailed with good mornings as they went to their desks. "Last time you sign, isn't it, Mr. Curtis?" asked one or two. "Wish I could say the same."

There was perhaps a shade of consolation in their envy, even set on so flimsy a foundation.

He opened his ledger and set to work; ciphering great sums, handling cheques many of which meant more than a long year's income—some, an amount that would save him all his remaining life from starvation or charity. It was a rich firm; he had seen it grow from small beginnings; had watched its growth with pride and talked about "my firm" to his wife and near friends as if its increasing wealth reflected glory on himself—as, in a way, it did. But they were not generous to their staff. He had crawled up, himself, to two hundred a year in his long spell of service, and was looked upon as a comparatively affluent man by many who had to support families and maintain



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"Old Curtis is a sticker, isn't he?" he heard one lad whisper, and heard it with some pride. "Blowed if I'd work on my last day." He kept his nose at the book, his pen busy, until the Exchange clock struck one, the time at which, for years vaguely numbered, he had gone out for luncheon and fresh air. The waitress at his table had served him for at least a decade. She was the successor to generations of girls who had entered the place young and rosy; spent their few years there; got married, or—what had happened to them? Already, this girl, not handsome, was beginning to dread the coming day when she would have to go, and make room for younger blood. Curtis had no chaff for her that morning. Going, he told her that it was his last day in the corner seat; and, in a rush of fellow feeling, slipped half a crown under the edge of the plate; a parting gift not warranted by his means, but amply repaid by the "Oh, Mr. Curtis!" uttered with eyes suspiciously dim. . . He knew that it was the quarter of her weekly wage.

THEN, in late afternoon, came the time for clearing his desk out to make room for his successor. Innumerable relics of old years had accumulated in the pigeon holes and drawers. He sorted them out carefully; this must be kept, that rejected and cast aside. What memories the desk held; What silent yet eloquent witnesses to old and—yes—and happy days! Here was a photograph, dim and yellow and faded; a group of clerks, taken on the leads one hot summer afternoon. He was a slim youth, not yet in the twenties then. Those were the days of high ambitions, the days when, after work, he rushed away to classes at one of the great London institutes for young men and pored over French exercises and manuals of phonography and bookkeeping and commercial correspondence. It was long before his marriage; his thoughts went back to the home which had so long ago been broken up. Some of the men and lads whose faces looked at him from the crude and faded print had sought their fortunes in far lands; some in the land beyond this world's widest sea. Two or three were still in the office, though it would have been hard to find the owners of those faces which time had blotted out, and the forgotten sunshine still held captive. He glanced round; no one would recognize in old Sansom, bald now as an egg, rotund as a tub, that eager-faced, bushy-headed youth; no one would know that under Graydon's white beard and shaggy-browed, spectacled eyes, time had masked the features of the boy blinking there in the sunlight.

And here, in a far corner of the desk, was a programme of a dance—long ago, long ago. There was the very music printed down, that had once reached his ears and been forgotten; there were the penciled names, almost obliterated; but with one name running through more than its share—a name that told the history of half his life, and of a memory that would last until life's ending. He put this aside with the photograph, to be retained; and, above it, a tiny scrap of paper with a note in writing—ah, so familiar, though the hand that penned it would never write again. "Dearest Jack . . ." He read it again and again, and then, not reading, looked at it with swimming eyes. It was just a scribbled message, making some appointment for one forgotten afternoon; he was to be at Victoria after business, and then, after her shopping, she would meet him, and they could have tea together and a night's enjoyment. "Don't you think we deserve another outing? I do. Don't let that nasty office keep you late tonight and we'll have such a jolly time." No doubt they had! No doubt they had!

The crumpled paper, drawn out by his extended finger-tips from the back of a pigeon-hole, set in motion a long spool of pictures; he sat dreaming for a while and watched them as if a cinematograph of past life clicked out its scenes before his eyes. A winter's evening, and a book read by lamplight, with blinds drawn, and a cheerful fire, and the kettle burning on the hearth. A summer walk by the river bank, or in one of the London parks. A day in the yearly holiday, his children—the boy who now had children of his own, the little girl who had been taken—building their sand castles, and facing up gleefully with pails brimming from the great deep. The morning goodbye, which made his heart light for the working day. The welcome home, the quick and cheerful sympathy that halved his cares, and anxieties, and weariness. Here had been his nest, his sheltered nook where his own life could be lived, and he be a machine no longer. . . .

What memories! Oh, what memories!

AND now—the end of all had come. The end of labor, the end, he thought, of such ease and happiness as had been left him when time had at last assuaged the stabbing wound of life's great sorrow. Thinking of the past, he did murmur a prayer of gratitude. And yet—and yet—after all the labor, after all the battling with the years, after all—

He came to himself with a start. "Mr. Curtis!"

"Yes, sir. Yes. I'm afraid—I'm

afraid I was day-dreaming. I'm just clearing out my desk before going, but if there's anything I—"

"Mr. Brockett would like to see you in the partners' room before you go, Mr. Curtis."

The head of his department delivered his message and disappeared. Curtis glanced round him, brushing his hair back instinctively with his hand. The office was almost empty. How long had he been dreaming? Had the clock struck? But of course they would never go without shaking hands and bidding him goodbye. The youngsters might, perhaps, intent on their cricket or their sweethearts; but not his old colleagues, the men who had been with him year after year. And yet people have such short memories. Perhaps, in the gladness of finding the long day over, they might have hurried out, only to remember him when it was too late to say goodbye. When Tyler went to Canada there was a great send-off; toasts drunk and rounds of "For he's a jolly good fellow" at the "City Arms" across the way. But Curtis was a teetotaler; and he had an uneasy thought that he was not very popular on that account. But his old colleagues—

All this time he was slipping off his alpaca office coat and replacing it with one more respectable. He went nervously toward the partners' room. No doubt Mr. Brockett was going to shake hands and say goodbye after all his years of service.

It was a large room—an enormous room, with one or two portraits on the walls; a few maps; a round table. To his astonishment the room was packed from door to door. And, at his entrance, rose a storm of hand-clapping and cheering. He stood, bewildered, nervous, overcome. They were all here; old and young. The two partners sat together at the table. And there was something on the table, covered over with green baize.

As the frail, trembling, white-faced old man stood hesitating in the doorway the clapping grew louder. The two partners rose. "Will you take this chair, Mr. Curtis?" said Mr. Brockett genially. That official air of severity had vanished. Curtis, guessing a little what was to come, sat apologetically on the edge of the chair.

"Shut the door, please, Mr. Lane." It was closed with some difficulty.

"Well, gentlemen," said the senior partner, after preliminary hums and haws, "I've been requested to undertake a very pleasant duty, and yet a duty—hem, hem—not unmixed with feelings of—hem—regret. I've no doubt Mr. Curtis has already guessed why we are here. It's—how many years, Mr. Curtis?"

"Forty-eight, sir," said the junior partner.

"Yes, forty-eight years since you first entered the service of the firm. You've grown up with it, so to speak. He's—hem—yes, grown up with the firm."

Was the governor really nervous? He was humming, clearing his throat, repeating himself; not in the least like the awe-inspiring personage who had made so many of those present tremble in their shoes. For a painful minute he came to a complete full stop. Then, as if laborious machinery had been at work, manufacturing an intricate joke, he went on, "And now the time's come when we'll—hem—have to consider him the late Mr. Curtis as far as—I mean to say, never late before—not for a good many years, at least—and now—"

FORTUNATELY someone detected the drift of all this, and laughed; others echoed the compliment, though one junior clapped his hand over his mouth only just in time to repress a dismal groan. Encouraged, the senior partner went on to hope that Mr. Curtis would not be really "late" for a good many years to come. He stammered out some adulatory remarks about his clerk's services; said that it was a great pleasure to him to say goodbye—and corrected himself and then called on Mr. Lane the head of Curtis's department, to make a speech. This was neat, clear and to the point. It ended by asking Mr. Curtis to accept a signed address, and a silver coffee-pot which they all hoped would see many years' service.

A volley of cheers, and cries of "Curtis! Mr. Curtis!" greeted the end of his remarks. Curtis got to his feet. His eyes were too misty to see the glittering silver, though he bent down to read the inscription; he could not read the names on the scroll, though he put on his spectacles to gain time, and rubbed them on the corner of his handkerchief. He made attempt after attempt to speak; and each time friendly clapping covered his confusion. "Gentlemen—Mr. Brockett and gentlemen—he stammered out at last—"I don't know what to say. I—I can't thank you. I do, though, from the bottom of my heart. And for all—for all the kindness you've shown me, all of you, these many years. I've tried to do my duty by the firm, but—but—many shortcomings—thank you gentlemen—I don't know what to say."

And then, when the cheering had subsided, Mr. Brockett made the best speech of the occasion. It was jerky, halting, stammering; but very much to the point. Curtis had had his present from the staff; now came the partner's turn. Mr. Curtis had been with the firm since its commencement, and—in



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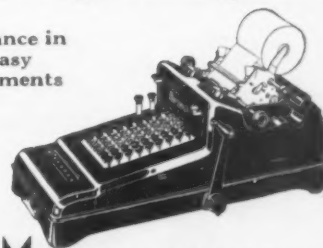
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short, they had decided to give him—unusual, but exceptional circumstances—pension—fifty pounds—

Curtis made out so much from the abrupt, spasmodic speech. His eyes were brimming over now; they voiced his thanks. Mr. Brockett and the junior partner shook hands with him; then the others clustered round. For a moment he struggled with temptation. Would they think his rigid temperance views cloaked meanness or ingratitude? A happy thought occurred to him. "Will you come across and have some tea or coffee and cigars?"

A DOZEN or so trooped across with him to the smoke-room of a neighboring tea-shop, taking it by storm. There were clerks of many ages, and sizes, and politics, and creeds. Jones, a rabid Tory with whom he had had many a heated argument, sat on his left; Hubback, a bigoted imbibor, on his right. McGlashin, opposite, toyed with his snuff-box, and Curtis took a pinch, though it was a habit he detested. He missed three trains before all the congratulations and good wishes were over.

Oh, good fellows, all! Oh, kindly hearts! His own beat very warmly towards them, old comrades who had fought life's battle shoulder to shoulder in his regiment, bearing, with stout and cheerful hearts, the trial, the monotones, the pettinesses which are no more easily to be endured than the hardships of the tented field. Slowly, but merrily for all that, Curtis tramped across the bridge. Over the river a smoky sunset, purple and dusky gold, seemed to hold memories of glad pageants; of kings' progresses and light music flowing from the stream into the streets where so much of the world's work goes on.

Outside the station Curtis purchased a new pipe for his son, and a great bag of sweets for his grandchildren to discover in his bulging tail. He stood on the platform, with his umbrella, his scroll, his coffee-pot, his packet of relics from the desk—hands and arms alike full—trouser knees sagging—silk hat a little ruffled. It was "the City" personified, waiting for its evening train.

He had time, before the rush of passengers filled his carriage, to pull stealthily aside the green baize cover and glance again at the inscription, known by heart, yet scarcely realized. Then, as the train carried him toward his future, he gazed with dim blue eyes at the passing, lamplit streets. Once more he saw the open gate of boyhood. Beyond it lay a quiet garden, with mellow evening sunshine and soft green shadows falling on the grass.

And, through the garden, lay the way homeward to the threshold where dear and forgotten faces would smile their welcome at the end of labor.

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